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Five Foremost Chicagoans of '54

Chicago

JANUARY 1955

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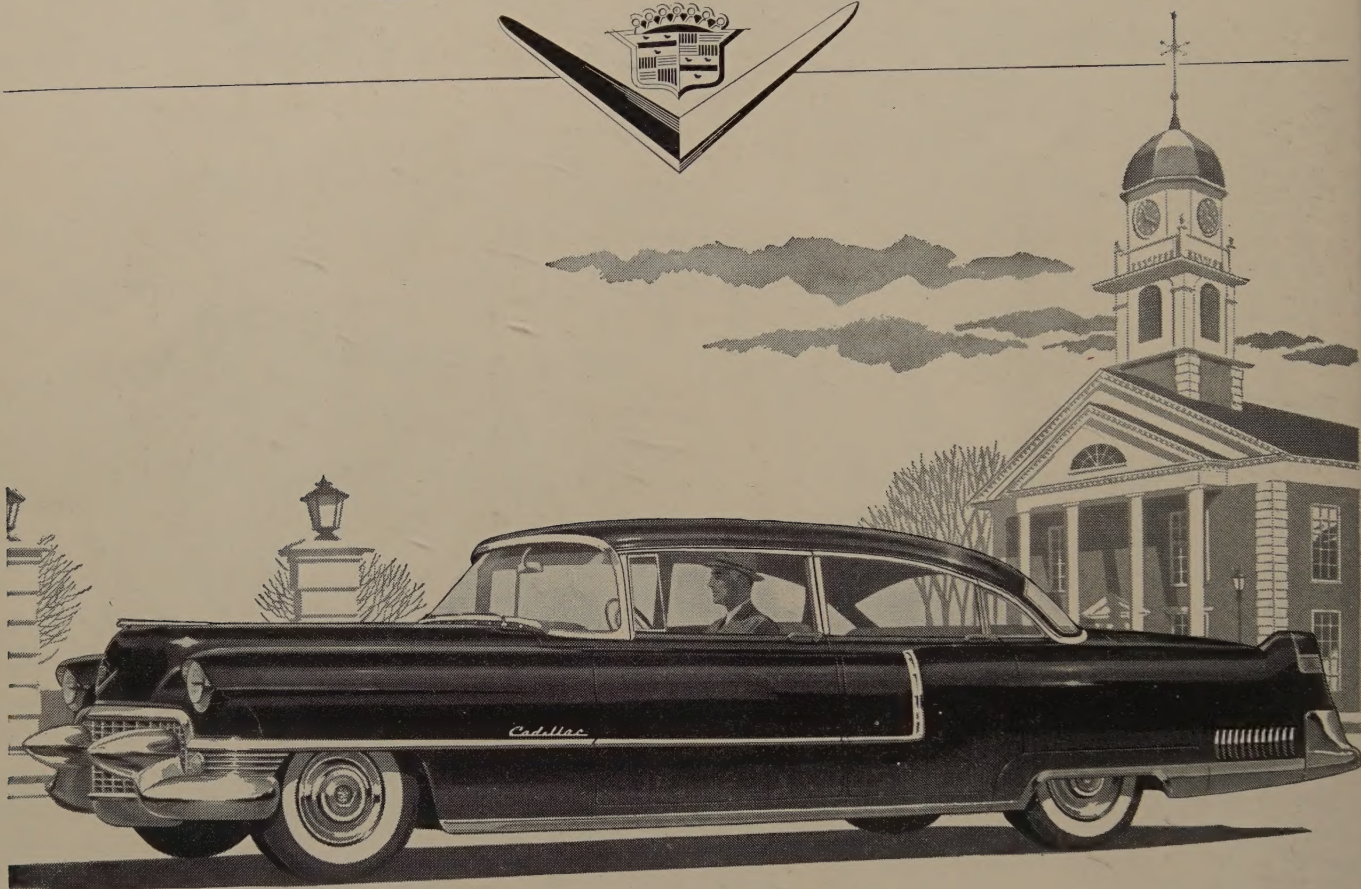
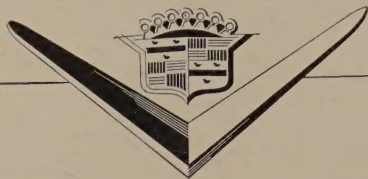
Crusader or Creep?

e Architecture of Louis Sullivan

w to Beat a Traffic Rap



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Contributors

The critique of the Chicago subway system, **It's About Time to Clean Up the Basement**, takes a functionalism-in-architecture turn that is consistent with the growing reputation of A. James Speyer, local architect who has been a protege of Mies Van der Rohe.

Peter Viereck is equally distinguished as a poet (**Tempest and Music**) and as an expositor of the new conservatism. He will be lecturing on American literature and history for the next two years at the universities of Florence and Oxford.

The research into traffic law (**How to Beat a Traffic Rap**) was done by **Dan Smyth** of the Sun-Times.

The intricate story, **Christian**, was written by **Kenneth Mason**, a Chicagoan who has just finished two years and a novel in Mexico.

COVER

The night club excitement on the cover was designed by **Carl Schranz**, whose drawings appear regularly in *West of the Water Tower*. The mambo couple was photographed by **David Jackson**; for more see page 4.

CHICAGO, volume I, number 11. Published monthly. Copyright 1954, Contemporary Publications, Inc. Louis Leverone, chairman of the board; Maurice English, president; Robert H. McCormick Jr., vice-president and treasurer; George W. Overton, secretary.

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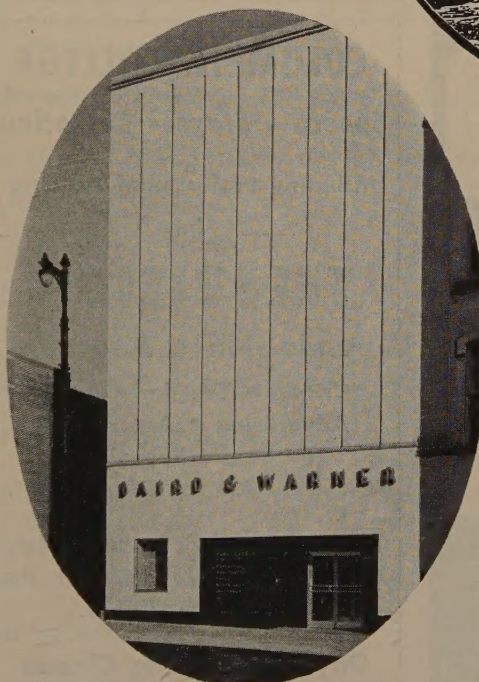
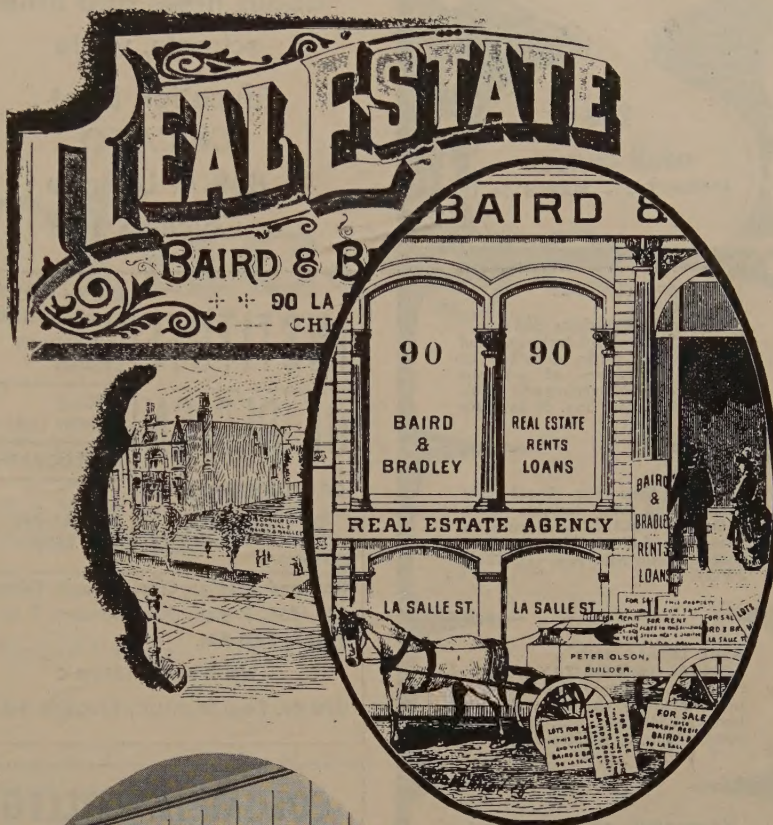
Advertising Staff
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**Lawrence Serlin
114 e. 32nd st., New York 16, N.Y.
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2550 Beverly blvd., Los Angeles
681 Market st., San Francisco**

Subscription: \$2.50 one year; \$4 two years; \$5.50 three years. Foreign postage outside the Americas, \$1.50 per year additional. **Change of address:** six weeks advance notice and both old and new addresses required. Address CHICAGO, subscription dept., Box 1283, Chicago 90. Address manuscripts to Editor, CHICAGO, 858 n. LaSalle st., Chicago 10. All depts.: Michigan 2-6570.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois.

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registration:

4-7 P.M.
DECEMBER
27, 28, 29 30

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Professor Finer's TV-Home Study course on Governments and Human Nature begins Sun., Jan. 2, 10 A.M., Channel 5. Watch

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Readers & Writers

Sir: I particularly appreciated your picture spread ["Phantasmagoria in Stone"—December] on the U. of C. gargoyles and the reference to them as "alien witnesses staring from Dante's world into that of Enrico Fermi." I was struck by the coincidence of this appearing the same month that Fermi died, and this led to a thought I'd like to pass on.

As a Chicagoan of Italian descent, I've always been ashamed of the fact that our city has a street named for an enemy of the United States. I refer to Balbo drive, named after one of the leading Fascists, Italo Balbo. I think it's a disgrace to the city, and a reflection on its citizens of Italian origin that we should honor a man who fought against us. Why don't we, instead, honor a great Italian who became a great American, by renaming the street Enrico Fermi drive? Is there any way of getting the city council to act on this?

GEORGE BORRELLI

Sir: "What's Happening at the Tribune," [December] is a fine concrete example of how your magazine can offer this community information which it can obtain nowhere else. It is ironic but true that the newspapers studiously refuse to write about each other except under the most obvious circumstances. Thus the public is kept uninformed about the most important sources of public information.

FRED QUIMBY

Sir: "Jazz and Crime" [December] will mislead many people who know little about jazz. It romanticizes aberrance in something that has more elan and vigor than any other part of the American arts. Paul Warren asks "What is jazz?" and lapses into mysticism by way of answer. But jazz can be explained as well as any other music can be.

He does remark somewhere that perhaps he is exaggerating. But he has no real enthusiasm for correctness.

There is a place, no doubt, for sensational journalism; I like it in less pretentious garb. When it's done up in fashionable design it makes me sick.

OLAF WEND

Because jazz offers the musician and listener such a wide avenue, because it has become possessed so fiercely by such various types of personalities, to write about but a few of its many facets always brings upon the writer scorn and abuse. There was no attempt to express a moral judgment. Art is amoral.

No one man can say "This is jazz and this only." I was expressing only my personal feelings about it. I think it is the living end.

PAUL WARREN

January 1955



PAGE 36

Chicago

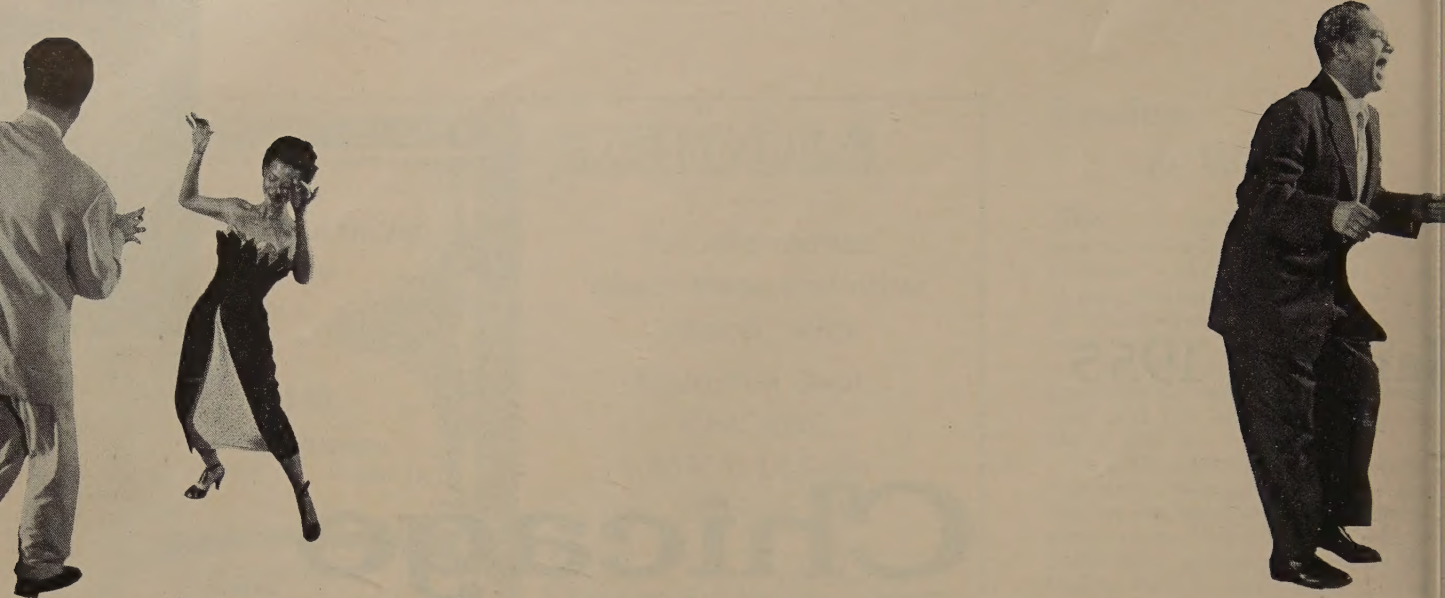


PAGE 17

- 4** They Were Doing the Mambo,
photographs by David Jackson
- 6** What Goes On Here
- 14** West of the Water Tower
- 20** The Five Foremost Chicagoans of '54
- 26** Louis Sullivan — Tragic Hero of Modern Architecture
by Jill Moore
- 32** Table of Malcontents *by Jack Nelson and John A. Dunn*
- 34** How to Beat a Traffic Rap *by Dan Smyth*
- 36** Textbooks of Terror, *a survey of comic books*
by Alan Whitney
- 40** It's About Time to Clean Up the Basement
by A. James Speyer
- 43** Christian, *a story by Kenneth Mason*
- 49** Tempest and Music, *a poem by Peter Viereck*
- 50** Tom Duggan — Crusader or Creep?
by David Anderson and Carl Larsen
- 54** Indian Trail Markers along the North Shore
- 56** As We Were
- 57** Recordings: Music by the Mile
- 59** Theater: First Nights in a Barroom
- 61** Portfolio: Chicago Sculptors
- 62** Travel: Winter Week End or the Wide World
- 64** Shopping by Mail

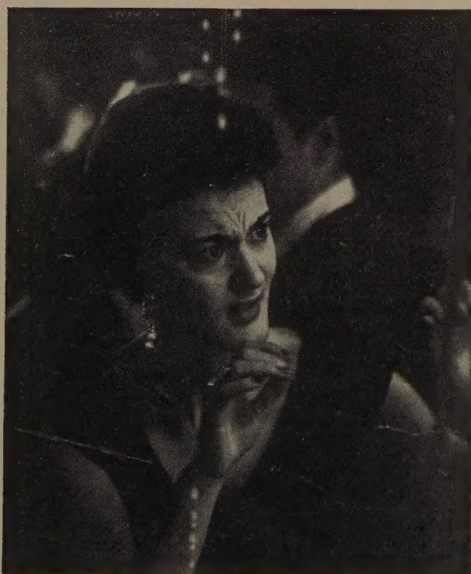


PAGE 50



THEY WERE

Mambo is a young, uninhibited kind of music that has come in gradually from Puerto Rico and is spreading here so fast that Chicago is becoming the U. S. mambo center. At the Starlite room, 624 south Michigan, the dancers in the show also teach. They include, above, left to right, Alan and Pan Heinkin; Al Goldberg and Virginia Parker; Alan and Delores Reed.



A customer who is learning has a little trouble at first with the mambo beat: an extremely long one-beat, then accents on four, two and three.



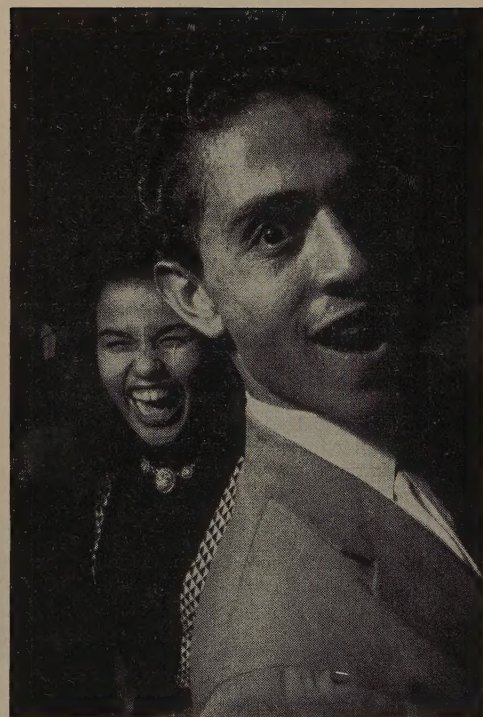
Harvey Duke and Pat Heinkin, both dance instructors, perform a spirited variation which Harvey invented on the spot.



DOING THE MAMBO



Delores Reed, a beauty as well as a dancer, waits for Alan to come to earth. They dance at the Starlite Friday and Saturday nights.



The howling, clowning dancer is Sami Bassisio. His partner, Josephine Flores, is billed as "the Puerto Rican Bombshell."

WHAT

GOES ON HERE



listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Ralph Bellamy and Joan Gray in three light acts of psychiatry mixed with romance. Nightly, 8:30; Sat., 2:30.

The King and I, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Rodgers and Hammerstein musical of now famous tunes and lavish choreography, with Patricia Morison as Anna and Yul Brynner as the King of Siam. Nightly except Sun., 8:20; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:20.

The Fifth Season, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Comedy, girls and the garment industry. Joseph Buloff and Chester Morris. Nightly except Mon., 8:30; mat. Sat. & Sun., 2:30.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). On and on, on the wide wide screen. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat. Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

Playwrights theater, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). Thru Jan. 16, "A Time for Laughter," (three short Jewish plays, including "The Grand Prize," by Sholom Aleichem). Nightly except Mon. Tue.-Sat., 8:30; Sun., 7:30. On Mon., programs of live folk music, poetry readings and drama recitals.

University of Chicago, Reynolds Club theater, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). Jan. 14 thru 16, 8:30 p.m., "Drama in Miniature," an evening of short plays

by Inge, Molnar, Shaw and others.

Loyola university, Loyola Community theater, 1320 Loyola (BR 4-3000). Jan. 7 thru 9, 8:30 p.m., "The Crucible."

DANCE

Jose Greco and His Spanish Dancers, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Jan. 19 thru 23. Nightly except Jan. 23, 8:30; mat. Jan. 22 & 23, 2:30.



MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. Jan.: 1 (Sat.), George Schick, cond., Eugene List, piano, soloist; Rhapsody in Blue, Concerto in F, Gershwin (remainder to be announced). 6 (Thu.) & 7 (Fri.), Bruno Walter, cond., John Weicher, violin, Janos Starker, cello, soloists; "Haffner" Symphony, Mozart; Double Concerto, Brahms; Symphony No. 3 (Rhenish), Schumann. 8 (Sat.), Harry John Brown, cond.; overture to "The Bartered Bride," Smetana; Concerto Grosso in D minor, Vivaldi; Symphony in C, Bizet; "Clouds" and "Festivals," Debussy;

Polovetzian Dances, Borodin. 11 (Tue.), Walter, cond.; Euryanthe Overture, von Weber; Symphony No. 96, Haydn; Siegfried Idyll, Wagner; Symphony No. 3 (Rhenish) Schumann; 13 (Thu.) & 14 (Fri.), Walter, cond.; Symphony No. 96, Haydn; Transfigured Night, Schoenberg; Symphony No. 8, Leonore Overture No. 2, Beethoven. 20 (Thu.) & 21 (Fri.), Walter, cond., Northwestern University Choral union, Nancy Carr, soprano, and Lillian Chookasian, contralto, soloists; Concerto in B Minor, Handel; Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection), Mahler. 25 (Tue.), Schick, cond.; to be announced. 27 (Thu.) & 28 (Fri.), Schick, cond.; to be announced. 29 (Sat.), John Weicher, cond.; to be announced. (Programs are subject to change.)

Allied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are put on general sale three weeks before concerts. Jan.: 2, 3:30 p.m., Richard Tucker, tenor; 9, 3:30, Igor Gorin, baritone; 15, 8:30 p.m., I Musici orchestra; 16, 3:30, Leon Fleisher, piano; 22, 8:30 & 23, 3:30, Vienna Boys choir; 28, 8:30, Mattiwilda Dobbs, soprano; 30, 3:30, Rudolf Serkin, piano.

De Paar Infantry chorus, Solomon Goldman auditorium, 4040 Sheridan (BU 1-1423). Jan. 4, 8:15 p.m. Sponsored by Anshe Emet forum.

Marvin Ziporyn, violin, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Jan. 9, 8:20 p.m. **Peggy Smith, piano**, Kimball hall, Jan. 21, 8:20 p.m.

Jeanne Diamond, soprano, Kimball hall, Jan. 25, 8:20 p.m.

New Music quartet, Mandel hall, U. of

Chicago, 57th & University (MI 3-0800).
Jan. 28, 8:30 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Illinois Tech Prep Basketball tournament, Int'l amphitheater, 43rd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Jan. 1, 7:30 & 9:30 p.m. Championship and consolation games, 8th annual public high school tourney.

Hollywood Ice revue, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). Thru Jan. 9. Nightly except Sun. & Jan. 3; mat. Sun., 2 & 6.

Chicago Automobile show, Int'l amphitheater. Jan. 8 thru 16. Daily, 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.; stage revues, 3:30 & 9 p.m.

All-Star Bowling tournament, Coliseum, 1513 Wabash (WA 2-5862). Jan. 14 thru 23, all day. Annual tournament sponsored by Bowling Proprietors association.

Flower show, Lincoln park (Fullerton & Stockton) and Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) conservatories (HA 7-5252). Thru Jan. 10. Daily, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Displays of winter blooms.

Silver Skates tournament, Humboldt park lagoon, North & Humboldt dr. (SU 7-0100). Jan. 22 & 23, subject to weather conditions. 1st day, 1 p.m.; 2nd day, 2 p.m. Annual races for children sponsored by "Chicago Tribune."



ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **New exhibits**: Jan. 15, photographs by Izis, French landscape photographer, gallery 5; Jan. 15, illustrations by Max Gubler for Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea," gallery 11; Jan. 22, silk screen prints by Dean J. Meeker, gallery 11. **Continuing**: thru Jan. 3, Peruvian pottery and metal work of ancient date, gallery H-4; thru Jan. 9, history of lithography — the first 50 years, gallery 11; thru Jan. 15, lithographs by Max Kahn, gallery 13; thru Jan. 31, Carl Kempe collection of Chinese gold and silver ornamental objects from late Chou to Ch'ing dynasties, gallery H-4b; thru Feb. 15, recent acquisitions of Chinese paintings, sculpture, lacquers and ceramics, gallery H-9. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Neuberger collection of modern American paintings and sculpture. Daily except Sun., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Recent trends in American sculpture. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Institute of Design, 632 n. Dearborn

(DE 7-4688). Beginning Jan. 13, "Enriching Children's Art" — results of an experiment in introducing elementary school children to new materials and techniques. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., except Wed., to 6 p.m.

La Boutique Fantastique, 103 e. Oak (WH 3-1795). Beginning Jan. 7, paintings by Claude Bentley. Mon.-Sat., 10:30 a.m. to midnight.

Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Paintings by Anna Baker, Quinn Tyler and Janet Satz.

Marshall Field galleries, 111 n. State (ST 2-1000, ext. 2213). Beginning Jan. 10, paintings by Ernest Albert Land. Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.

Riccardo's restaurant, 437 Rush (SU 7-2874). Memorial show of paintings and drawings by Riccardo; also his private collection. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.

1020 Art center, 1020 Lake Shore dr. (MI 2-2433). Thru Jan. 15, sculpture and drawings by 16 Chicago sculptors. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

LECTURES

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art thru Travel series**, Sun., 2:30 p.m., Fullerton hall. **Jan.: 2**, "Venice," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson; **9 & 16**, "Hawaii," Dr. Watson; **23 & 30**, "Rome, the Eternal City," Dr. Watson. **Curator's Course series**, Wed., 7:30 p.m., club room, free. **Jan.: 5**, "The Origins of Chinese and Japanese Sculpture," Jack Sewell; **12**, "The Workshop and the Studio," Parker Lesley; **19**, "Art Collections Viewed as News," Maude Kemper Riley; **26**, "Romantic Book Illustrations," Hugh Edwards.

Anshe Emet Forum, Solomon Goldman Auditorium, 4040 n. Sheridan (BU 1-1423). Tue., 8:30 p.m. **Jan.: 11 & 18**, "Toward a Creative Jewish Life in America," Rabbi Arthur J. Lelyveld; **25**, "A Positive Strategy for Peace," Norman Cousins.

Chicago Public library, Randolph at Michigan (CE 6-5821). **Thursday noon series**, 12:15 to 12:45 p.m., 2nd floor assembly room, free. Book talks by Dr. Preston Bradley. **Jan.: 6**, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," by Lillian Roth; **13**, "Spook of Spooks," by Bergen Evans, **20**, "The Mind Alive," by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet, **27**, "My Several Worlds," by Pearl S. Buck.

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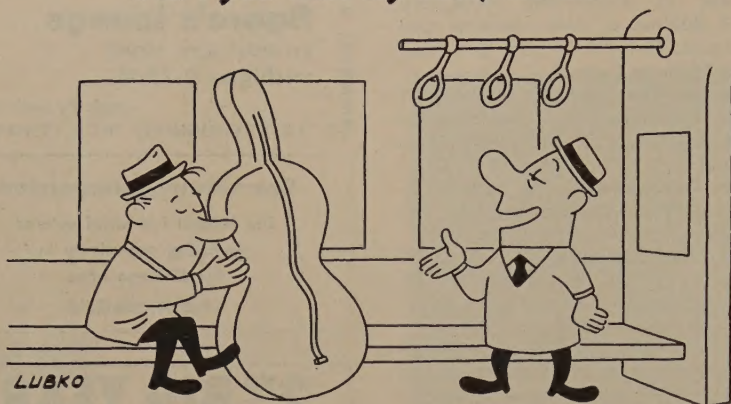
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(MO 4-5551). Informal discussion, usually followed by oratory from the audience, in the off-bar room. **Jan.: 14,** "Can We Ever Get the Landlords Off Our Backs?" Willis Shipley, a single-tax advocate; **21,** "Would It Help to Get Your Head Fixed?" Dr. Clarence B. Geary, chief psychiatrist for male patients, Psychiatric hospital; **28,** "Should the Liquor Industry Be Liquidated" Herbert H. Parish, executive director, National Temperance Education, Inc. 9 p.m.

Pan American council, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Jan. 28, 8:30 p.m., "Carnival in Rio; 400th Anniversary of Sao Paulo."

U. of Chicago lectures, U. of Chicago campus (MI 3-0800). Walgreen Foundation lectures: "Some Unsolved Problems in the Theory of Democracy," Robert A. Dahl. **Jan.: 10,** "Madisonian Democracy"; **12,** "Egalitarian Democracy"; **14,** "Leninist Democracy"; **17,** "Polyarchal Democracy"; **19,** "Equality, Diversity and Intensity"; **21,** "The American Hybrid." "The Catholic Church in America" series, the Rev. John Tracy Ellis, **24, 25, 27 & 28.** Both series, Social Sciences Research building, 1126 e. 59th, 4:30 p.m. Free.

University college, U. of Chicago, 19 s. La Salle (DE 2-7245). **The Good Life series:** Jan. 7, "How United Nations Brings Security and Peace," Sir Pierson Dixon (116 s. Michigan). **Poet Speaks series:** Jan. 14, Karl Shapiro and Reuel Denney. **Works of the Mind series:** Jan. 21, "Plato: The Republic," Leonard Olsen (116 s. Michigan). **Distinguished Service lectures:** "Formation and Evolution of the Stars," Bengt Stromgren (116 s. Michigan). 8 p.m.

World Travel Adventure forum, Kimball hall. Jan. 16, "New Orleans," Phil Walker. Jan. 30, "Brazil," Eric Pavel. 2:30 & 5 p.m.

MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Lecture chamber closed thru Jan. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. and Sun. **Chicago Academy of Sciences,** 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibits: American photography, 1845-65; crazy quilts of 1880s. Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free Mon.-Sat.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 7:30 to 9 p.m. Free.

George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Specializes in medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Jan. 16 thru 21, exhibit of silk screen printing methods. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., to 7 p.m.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, botany, geology and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e.

58th (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from ancient Near East civilizations. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun. 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun

TELEVISION

sunday

Opera Theater (2 p.m., Channel 5). January 22, "Tosca."

Adventure (2:30 p.m., 2). While the bomb ticks, scientists take a look to see why man does.

Omnibus (4 p.m., 2). A more specific approach to the same problem — with emphasis on foibles, fantasy and fraud.

Television Playhouse (8 p.m., 5). A steadying influence in an age of channel switching. Superior writing.

monday

Producers Showcase (7 p.m., 5). January 10, a flower blooms in TV's lush weed lot where the colorifier spectacularius spectacularii grows.

tuesday

See It Now (9:30 p.m., 2). News gets the Edward R. Murrow treatment.

wednesday

Disneyland (6:30 p.m., 7). For kids and adults, camera and cartoon adventures with Walt Disney.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra (8 p.m., 9). Great music for a change.

Best of Broadway (9 p.m., 2). Revivals of plays that made money.

thursday

Shower of Stars (7:30 p.m., 2). January 5, de luxe color variety.

saturday

Rose Bowl (Channel 5). New Year's day fiesta, with roses for all and thorns for at least eleven tired men.

Imogene Coca Show (8 p.m., 5). TV's comic sprite hits her stride.

SPORTS

college basketball

De Paul, De Paul univ. gymnasium, 2219 Sheffield (DI 8-4340). **Jan.: 4**, John Carroll; **6**, Elmhurst; **14**, St. Ambrose; **29**, Michigan State (Chicago stadium); **31**, Wesleyan. 8 p.m.

Loyola, Loyola univ. fieldhouse, 6525 Sheridan (BR 4-3000). **Jan.: 10**, Marquette; **18**, Loras; **29**, U. of Illinois (Chicago stadium). 8 p.m.

Northwestern, McGaw fieldhouse, Central st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). **Jan.: 3**, Minnesota; **15**, Notre Dame; **17**, Purdue; **22**, Iowa; **31**, Michigan. 8 p.m.

pro hockey

Black Hawks, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-4300). **Jan.: 12**, Boston; **14**, New York; **16**, Toronto; **23**, Montreal. 8:30 p.m.

indoor polo

Indoor Polo league, Chicago avenue armory, 232 e. Chicago (ST 2-2919). Doubleheader every Sat., 8:30 p.m.

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FOR THE CHILDREN theater

Goodman Memorial Children's theater. Monroe at Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). "Beauty and the Beast," a humorous adaptation by Nora MacAlvay. Sat., 2:30 p.m.; Sun., 3 p.m.; extra performance Jan. 29, 10:30 a.m.

Jack & Jill Players, Kimball building, 25 e. Jackson (WA 2-0317). Three one-act plays by students: "The Mystery of the Olive Jar," "Sunday Has Five Pesos" and "The Sentimental Scarecrow." Jan. 8, 22 & 29, 4:15 p.m.

Playwrights Children's theater, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). Week ends, Jan. 2-23, "Little Red Riding Hood." Opening Jan. 29, "Rumpelstiltskin." 2:30 p.m.

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra. Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). **Young People's concerts.** Tue., 3 p.m., George Schick, cond. Theme Jan. 4 & 18, "Fun in Music," with narration of Haufrecht's "The Story of Ferdinand" by George Kuyper. Orchestra program, Joy Parducci, 15, piano, soloist: "Piano Concerto in A minor," Grieg; "Overture to Merry-makers," Coates; "Swiss Yodeling Song," Walton; "Plink, Plank, Plunk," Leroy Anderson; "Mosquito Dance," White; "Thunder and Lightning Polka," Strauss.

museums

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Slide talk and film programs on American and Chicago history. **Museum Mornings,** Sat., 10 a.m. Jan. 8 & 15, "Chicago Giants" — the people who helped shape the city's destiny, with color film, "The Studebaker Story." **Week Day Assemblies,** Wed., 10 a.m., for teachers with classes. Jan. 12, "Building a New Nation," with color film, "History of the U. S. Navy."

libraries

Chicago Public Library, Randolph & Michigan, (CE 6-5821). **The Children's Hour,** Sat., 2:15 p.m. Integrated programs of films, recordings and story telling. Jan. 15, Paul Bunyan and other tall tales. 22, rodeos and cowboys. 29, adventure and discovery. Free. Tickets available one week in advance, in the Thomas Hughes room.

Branch libraries hold weekly story hours for children thru May; consult neighborhood branch for schedule.

Special service for children confined to bed for long periods: A ceiling projector, available from the Central library, which projects books from films to walls

or ceilings for easy reading from a reclining position.

recreation centers

A supervised program including sports, dancing, games, dramatics, choral groups, arts and crafts is being held in 75 school recreation centers operated by the Board of Education in its Lighted Schoolhouse program. Open to all children regardless of school affiliation, schedules and activities vary according to the needs of each community. Elementary centers have classes after school, evenings and Sat. mornings. High school centers hold Fri. night dances and some offer additional activities geared to teen-age interests. For schedules and information phone Francis B. McKeag, Director of Recreation Centers, DE 2-7801.



NIGHT LIFE

Balinese Room, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, 636 s. Michigan (HA 7-4300). All the more pleasant for the music of the Hal Otis & George Metz trios. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Dancing from 9:30. Lunch \$1.75-\$2.50; dinner \$2.75-\$4

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Robert Clary remains thru Jan. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch \$.95-\$2.60; dinner \$2.95-\$6.50

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060) Phyllis Branch and Count Daville share the activities of the calypso jamboree with the Joc-a-bodi dancers. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte. \$2.50 minimum.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). The zodiac is put on ice in the current show by a group of flashy skaters headed by Margie Lee. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. Dinner from \$3.25. \$2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Lush rendezvous with dancing to Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m. Dancing after 9 p.m. Flaming sword dinner \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., \$3 minimum.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.75-\$2.50; dinner \$5-\$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Thru Jan., Joe E. Lewis and Peggy Lee. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2:15 a.m. Dinner \$3.50-\$4.75; \$5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show and dancing.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining western style, with music by Frank York, his orchestra and violin. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch \$1.65-\$1.95; dinner \$4.50-\$6.75.

Empire Room, Palmer House, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). The Spanish music of Los Chevaules de Espana. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Lunch from \$2; dinner from \$4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir and his "Glass Hatters" play gay and sentimental tunes for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from \$3.50.

The Glass House, Graemere hotel, 3400 Washington (VA 6-7600). Appealing to palate, purse and pleasure. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Dancing to Rudy Austin's music after 8:30, except Sun. & Mon. Lunch \$.90-\$1.50; dinner \$1.85-\$3.

Marine Dining Room, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 Sheridan (LO 1-6000). Reopened after extensive remodeling. Open to 2 a.m. Lunch \$1.25-\$3.50; dinner \$3.25-\$5.75.

The Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Entertainment by comic-pianist Aaron Leifer and singing waiters, plus the piano and songs of Dardanelle. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Celebrity hang-out of elegance, with David Le Winter's orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner, \$5.50-\$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., \$3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w.



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Los Chavales de Espana, the "Kids from Spain," exciting Spanish musical group are starred in the Empire Room of the Palmer House. Trini Reyes, one of the nation's foremost flamenco dancers highlights the program. Also featured are the Empire Eight, and Charlie Fisk and his orchestra.

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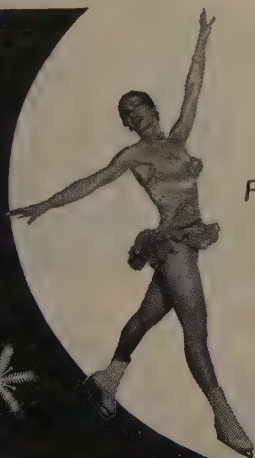
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The SPARKLING NEW Boulevard Room



Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and violin against an Alpine background. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch \$1.25-\$3; dinner \$3.50-\$6.

jazz

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). Thru Jan. 6, Sonny Stitt, backed by the house band, breaks down the resistance of local hipsters. J. J. Johnson has been scheduled to follow him into this South Side haven of bop. Jam session Monday, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Tue. No cover or min.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). After a rest in relative seclusion, Stan Getz returns to town with a quintet and relaxed bop that will send his admirers into a state of euphoria. The last two

weeks of the month will bring Dave Brubeck's ultra-cool quartet. Food a la carte, from \$1.50 to \$3. \$3 min. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m., features soft drinks for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Cloister Inn, Hotel Maryland, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Ralph Sharon's technique will charm those who like Shearing. Opposite his trio are the pert voice of Lourie Allyn and the piano and voice of Ace Harris. Dick Marx, piano, and Johnny Frigo, violin, fill in Mon. and Tue. Nightly, 10 to 4 a.m.; Sat. to 5 a.m. No cover or min.

Mambo City, 7 w. Randolph (AN 3-6908). The loft is frantic with Latin verve induced by the mambo exercises of Emilio Reyes and his band. Music Wed., Fri, Sat. & Sun., 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. In the

Preview lounge downstairs, the stage is held by Herbie Fields and his Forties-type assemblage. Music 8 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat. to 4 a.m. No cover or min. either place.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Refreshed by a vacation in Havana, Bill Reinhardt resumes his clarinet accompaniment to the trumpet, trombone, piano and drums of Marty Marsala, Harry Graves, Max Hook and Doc Cenardo, respectively. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun. \$2 min. Unescorted women not admitted.

Starlight room, 624 s. Michigan (HA 7-3524). Mambo in elegant surroundings by Aron Monreal and company. On Tue., a complete switch, with Duke Patterson leading a Dixieland combo. Music 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Mon. No cover or min.

DINING OUT

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., 5 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 9 p.m. Lunch \$1-\$1.75; dinner \$2.45-\$3.40.

Cafe Bellini, 1014 Rush (MO 4-6397). A small, sedate coffeehouse with 19th century Italian decor, which serves a variety of coffee concoctions, pastries and sandwich snacks. Noon to 1 a.m., except Mon., 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good food and generous portions. 8 a.m. to 1:30 a.m.

Le Petit Gourmet, 619 n. Michigan (DE 7-9701). A down-the-stairs place with a large menu. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner from \$2.10.

Lotus Room, La Salle hotel, La Salle & Madison (FR 2-0700). John Martyn Paull provides piano background for dinner and supper. 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Lunch \$1.30-\$1.95; dinner \$2.50-\$4.75.

Ricketts, 103 e. Chicago (WH 4-9500). A well-attended spot, open 24 hours. Lunch \$.75-\$1.25; dinner \$1.65-\$3.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin room specializes in prime beef, but whumps up other dishes on demand. Dinner \$3.25-\$6.

Vogue Tap Room & Grill, 3808 Broadway (DI 8-9089). A small, informal place that has good sirloins for \$2. Daily, 10 a.m. to 4 a.m.



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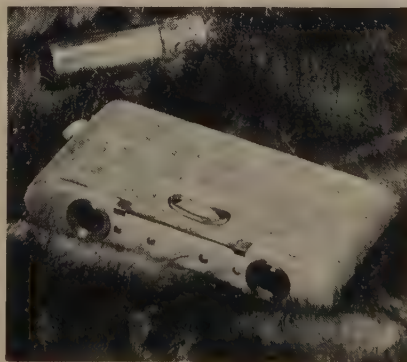


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Letter to the City

In which **CHICAGO** sends New Year's greetings
to its readers, glances back upon its first year,
and remembers what it set out to be.

CHICAGO is the one magazine in my waiting room most likely to be swiped by my patients. M.D. P.S. CHICAGO is getting better with each issue, and the copies are disappearing faster.

The letter above did not come in the regular mail. Several weeks ago, CHICAGO sent a questionnaire to a small percentage of its subscribers. The firm that drew up the questionnaire for us was optimistic about the probable response — 10% is good, they told us, and probably CHICAGO would get that much. They were wrong.

Out of the 2,000 subscribers who received questionnaires, 684 answered. This is about 33% — a degree of reader interest that would cause whoops of joy in any magazine office in the world.

Of those who filled out the questionnaire, over half added a personal comment — from a brief phrase to (more often) fairly extended notes of encouragement, criticism or suggestion.

The object of the present letter, therefore, is first to thank the respondents to the questionnaire — to assure them that they supplied working facts our advertisers want and need. And second, to look backward and forward as 1955 begins . . .

CHICAGO published its first issue (March) at the end of February, 1954. In that issue, the Editors stated that they thought they were undertaking something unique in journalism — creating a magazine primarily to portray and interpret the city which they think of as *the* American metropolis, with a creative past, a stimulating present, and a great potential for the future. They were confident that a responsive readership existed for such a magazine.

It did.

CHICAGO's circulation doubled in six months, and is now well on the way to tripling itself. Equally important to us has been the flow of comments, oral and written, from which we learned how many of our readers have seized what was original in the magazine, and are enthusiastic about the attempt even when it isn't fully successful.

Altho few respondents to the questionnaire expressed it, there is a criticism of CHICAGO which its Editors sometimes hear. This is to the effect that CHICAGO has no visible editorial policy — no point of view or program to propagandize. This criticism overlooks a deep and vital editorial idea — which might be called a philosophy, possibly even a faith.

This city is an epitome of America, in the sense that it is a burning focus of democracy, capitalism

and industrial technology in their starkest forms. And America is the first attempt in history to create a functioning and enduring democracy on continental terms.

This most American of cities made an attempt to express its creative identity in the twenties, and got sidetracked. Whether it can recapture its creative spirit in the future — whether it can put its house in order and bring up its millions as citizens, not as prowlers in the neon wilderness — these are questions that interest the future, and the world. In this context, the magazine is an attempt to draw order out of the chaos which is a modern metropolis. Its Editors think the future of democracy in an industrial society is bound up in the question of whether you can make a truly humane community out of a city like Chicago.

In this sense, Chicago — or, otherwise, some serf-city in Russia — is the crucible in which the future is being formed. The magazine that can project the challenge and the stirrings of a city in this endeavor has a great role to play and something vital as well as interesting to say.

However grandiose they may seem, CHICAGO was started with such aims and convictions. And it happens that, as many people have noted — even the politicians are talking about it — the year 1954 was a year of awakening in this city. Fresh stirrings in the theater and music, in buildings, in city planning, politics, community living — they speak of a metropolis aware that its future has been restored to it.

The Editors of CHICAGO believe that their magazine is a part of this awakening, and that its reception by so many, many thousands of unknown friends indicates that its convictions are widely shared. The year will come when CHICAGO will realize its goal of truly reflecting and interpreting this capital of the heartland. No success will satisfy us, short of that.

In the meantime, to our readers and to our city, we wish a very happy and prosperous 1955. For our part, we will bear in mind during the New Year, along with our ultimate ambitions, a more immediate one: to produce a magazine interesting enough to inspire larceny in the most respectable patients of the city's most eminent M.D.'s.

Maurice English

Editor & Publisher



West of the Water Tower

Kennellyan calendar

In the year just passed Chicago, like other cities from coast to coast, had 52 weeks. This is a remarkable fact, considering that only ten months, 38 days and one night were ticked off locally, altho one "time" was thrown in, perhaps by way of consolation.

The city's weeks, months, days, night and time, all officially proclaimed by the mayor after the requisite number of "whereas" clauses, were:

Driver Training Week, Cleaner Air Week, Hematology Research Week, Employ the Physically Handicapped Week, Negro College Week, Junior Ambassador Day, Epilepsy Week, Nutrition Week, Morris B. Sachs Day, United Nations Day, American Art Week, YWCA World Fellowship Week, Marine Corps Day, Industrial Management Week, Crippled Children's Week, Miracle of Books Fair Week, Mayflower Compact Day.

Feast of the Haggis Day, Salvation Army Week, Printing Week, Aid to Blind Week, International Live Stock Exposition Week, Aviation Day, Bowling Week, Traffic Safety Week, National Veterans of Foreign Wars Week, Heart Month, National Security Week, Brotherhood Week, Egg Month, Moth-

ers March on Polio Night, Junior Achievement Week, Four Chaplains Day, ORT Day, American Red Cross Month, American Legion Birthday Week, Camp Fire Girls Week, Women's Bonds of the Israel Government Week, Jewish Community Press Week, Citizenship Week.

Bishop Bernard J. Sheil Underprivileged Youth Week, Poppy Day, Greek Independence Day, Boys Club Week, Records Management Day, Salute to Selling Week, General Robert E. Wood Day, Morse Telegraph Week, Be Kind to Animals Week, Direct Mail Day, Youth Week, National Hospital Week, Armed Forces Day, Know Your Bank Week, Nurses Day, Young Citizen Day, Swedish Choral Day, Public Library Week, American-Slovak Sokol Day, United Cerebral Palsy Month, John Howard Association Week.

Israel Independence Week, Music Week, Mercy Month, Mercy Day, Maritime Day, National Secretaries Week, National Sojourners Week, Dairy Month, Thanks to You Week, Air Mail Month, Flag Day, Television-Radio-Electronic Service Days (three), German-American Day, Learn-to-Swim Month, American Czechoslovak Day, Greater West Side

Children's Day, National Kiwanis Kids' Day, Adult Education Week, Retail Food Week.

Hibernian Day, National CIC Week, Battle of Chicago Day, City of Hope Month, Sight Saving Month, Union Label Week, "School's Open" Day, American Jewish Tercentenary Day, Chicago's Armed Forces Day, Savings and Loan Association Week, I Am an American Day, U-505 Week, Chicagoland Home and Home Furnishings Festival Time, Fire Prevention Week, Light's Diamond Jubilee Week, Joint Defense Appeal Day, Freedom Festival Day, Red Feather Day, Business Women's Week, American Legion Week.

Fritz Reiner in birdland

Fritz Reiner hunched forward on the bar stool downstage center in Orchestra hall. He was conducting a rehearsal for the first American performance of the Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra by Swiss

composer Rolf Liebermann. Fanned out around him were the members of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, most of them in shirt sleeves, tho few were without ties. Upstage center on a raised platform was the Sauter-Finegan jazz orchestra, most of its men wearing sport shirts. Their co-leader, Ed Sauter, stood among them, neatly togged in suit and tie, an intent expression on his guileless, rather rural face. His colleague, Bill Finegan, sat out in the middle of the nearly empty auditorium. His intellectual features were firmly set as he followed a copy of the score. He wore a dark suit with conservative tie.

Reiner was garbed in wrinkled gray pants, a thin black jacket with a twisted white handkerchief cascading from the breast pocket, and a gray work shirt open at the neck. His usually expressive face was enigmatic if not morose, and his right hand gave the baton minimal motion as he conducted a slow section of the work.

Suddenly he stopped the music, looked toward the rear of the stage and asked in a soft voice with a slight German accent, "Mr. Sauter, don't you think it would be better if the trombones stood up there?" Sauter was indecisive. Reiner looked over his shoulder and inquired, "Mr. Finegan, what do you think?" Getting no quick answer, Reiner moved his head abruptly back and forth, grinned and said, "Mr. Sauter-Finegan?"

The musicians laughed.

Finegan said, "The only place the trombones were weak was in the 25th bar."

Reiner gestured and the music started again. It was a slow and mournful passage. The blues.

Soon the tempo increased, and from time to time Reiner would stand up, steadying himself against the stool with his left hand as he dipped the baton sharply with his right.

He stopped the music again, smiled, and said, "Its getting better. Once more please."

Later the music changed to a quick jumpy beat and Reiner bounced up and down on the stool as if he were riding a horse. Then he stopped the orchestras abruptly and announced, "We're getting too much noise." He turned to Finegan and asked, "Isn't that true?"

Finegan said, "True."

Reiner turned back to the musicians and said; "When the saxes sit down,

play louder; when they get up, play softly."

The music built to a driving climax. Reiner jumped off his stool, made a violent horizontal sweep with both hands, and the orchestras struck a final authoritative note. Reiner said, "Thank you, I'll see you tomorrow at 10:30."

The jazz men gave him a hand.

Reiner took off his glasses and puffed a little. Then he turned toward his wife, Carlotta, who had come down from the back of the hall. She looked like everybody's favorite grandmother with her round cheeks, gray hair pulled back in a bun and green-rimmed harlequin glasses pushed up over the top of her head like a tiara. The maestro asked her opinion of the rehearsal and she said it was okay, but the trumpets should have been louder.

Reiner slid down from the stool, took a battered package of Lucky Strikes from his pocket and lit one. He began praising Sonny Russo, who plays trombone with the Sauter-Finegan group. He said Russo reminded him of Tommy Dorsey.

"Oh," said Mrs. Reiner, "nobody listens to Tommy Dorsey anymore."

It is written

With a scrawling hand in the grime on the rear of a milk company's tank trailer: "If you can't stop smile as you go under."

The miscalculation of Morris B. Sachs

It was a serious, even intense, Steve Allen who attended Hyde Park high school in the late Thirties.

The future television personality used to walk Mary Weber (now an Englewood housewife with four children), home from the school at 62nd and Stony Island. She lived at 54th and Maryland, and after he left her he'd take the street car to his parents' hotel. They were in show business and lived downtown, with Steve attending Hyde Park on a permit.

Steve was thinner then. He didn't do anything funny and he hardly ever laughed at the antics of others. Mary's mother, Marie, used to laugh at him, tho, because he always carried a brief case and, regardless of the weather, a big umbrella.

Steve played the piano by ear, so he knew all the choruses but not the bridges. Once he appeared on the Morris B. Sachs amateur hour. He lost.

Up hill and down dale from Tralee

He was sitting on one of those stone benches along the river at Wacker and Wabash. It was about 10:30 on a clear, chill night. He wore an experienced yet not untidy overcoat. A green muffler was thrown loosely about his neck. The hat was pulled so low as to make





his ears curl over. Visible beneath the brim were a purple nose, a bristly chin and gentle eyes. A leg was crossed over and hands were folded in his lap.

"Chicago? Do I know Chicago?" He rolled his head back over a shoulder and his silent laugh showed five or six long, tobacco-browned teeth huddled together on the bottom as tho for company.

"Do I know Chicago? Doctor (he said 'dochter'), I knew this," — he waved south over the Loop — "when the only buildin' you could see standin' up to any size was the Boston store. These bridges were all here but they were wood and they swung around, not up and down.

"Sure, I live alone. Over there on Clark street across from the cold storage place. I've had my room there for 40 years. Oh, I've washed dishes mostly, sometimes silver, sometimes just pans. Used to work at the Knickerbocker hotel up there behind that big light but it was too cold in the winter. I got out of work at one in the mornin' and it was too cold to walk and if I missed the car it was too cold to stand."

He hugged himself close and looked out over the river. The light of the Wrigley building shimmered in the water.

"My name's Prendergast. Pleased." Again the lonesome teeth.

"Come from Tralee. I was quite an athlete in those days. I was tendin' bar at 17 at Commonwealthy Prairie but when the shop was up I'd call together the b'ys and we'd play football in the moonlight out on the hollow behind town. None of your Notre Dame stuff, mind. This was Gaelic football. It was rough!" He rolled the *r* halfway across Wacker drive and back.

"Did you know I was a bicycle racer? Well, sir, I was quite an athlete then. There was the big race down in Waterford. There was 75 from Ireland, some from England, some from Wales, some from Scotland. I was given a five minute handicap over the rest. Well sir, they start. Up hill and down dale. It was a race about 30 miles. After a bit I had passed 'em all except this one. Name was Rogers, I recall. I went to pass" — he was warmed up by now and was acting it out with hands, feet, eyes — the muffler had fallen askew — "and my front tire struck his rear tire."

He paused dramatically at the right spot; his eyes were cold. "I was doin' about 70.

"They tell me I somersaulted seven times. My feet were locked to the pedals, y' know. Rogers wasn't hurt. But me . . .

"Next thing I woke up in bed in a room with white walls. There's a big nurse lookin' down at me. 'Prender-

gast, how you feelin'?' says she. 'Fine,' says I. 'It's nice of your family to be visitin' you here so regularly,' says she. 'Why should they be down here in Waterford visitin' me overnight?' says I. 'Overnight!' says she. 'Toodle, and you been here three weeks and four days!'

Prendergast let that sink in.

"Well, I must be goin'. A bit brisk." He hugged himself.

"I live easy. By myself. When I want a friend on a walk I ask for it. I been on old age pension for some years now. I get up in the mornin' when I'm hungry and when the day is nice I walk to Navy Pier or to Lincoln park. Oh, yes, I walk much. I'm still in good condition. Feel that" — he braced his bicep — "and that . . . feel that thigh from me bicycle days."

He coughed and arranged his muffler. "As I say, the nights are best. Quieter and easier on the eyes. Only, in the daytime I can feed the pigeons. I have about 12 flocks around, y' know, dochter.

"Well, God bless ya . . ." One of the kind eyes winked farewell and Prendergast shuffled up Wacker drive toward home.

It is engraved

On a tiny, shiny metal plate set in the wall at the end of the bar in Larry's lounge on Rush street: "Leonard Sillman, Chicago's 2nd Great Fire, 1953."

Best laid plans

The haphazard growth of the city undoubtedly created a number of problems that could have been avoided, but even if everything had been planned to the smallest detail there probably would have been oversights. After World War II a group of highly trained experts created a town out of a cornfield near Chicago Heights. They then named it Park Forest, in order to confuse it as much as possible with Forest Park, River Forest and Lake Forest, and they gave it an Indianwood drive and Indianwood boulevard, located on opposite sides of town, in a further effort to see that the post office keeps on its toes.

Ciao, Riccardo

When he was a 17-year-old merchant sailor, Richard Riccardo jumped ship at Nice to spend a week with his hero, Frank Harris, the controversial Irish-American writer. The young vagabond artist began working on a sketch of Harris, but had to leave before it was completed.

A few months ago Riccardo started a self-portrait in the cluttered studio apartment above his Rush street restaurant. But two weeks later, before the painting was quite done, he died.

Between these two unfinished portraits, Riccardo packed three decades of lusty living rarely paralleled in or out of romantic fiction. He was an artist, a sculptor, a potter, a hunter, an actor, a bootlegger and a lover; he

fenced, cooked, danced, traveled, published a magazine, did dental work, painted signs, promoted boat races, distributed coffee makers and played strange musical instruments.

The tall, dapper cavalier with the wiry physique, bristling little moustache and close-cropped hair was born Riccardo Novaretti in the town of Varallo Sezia in Northern Italy in 1903. (He changed his name to Riccardo Riccardo after coming to the United States in 1920, and later to Richard Riccardo.) The most noteworthy story about his boyhood is that he and his brother Egidio used to play *bocci*, an Italian version of bowling, without balls — instead they used skulls from the beggars pit in the local cemetery.

At the age of 16 Riccardo ran away

and became a sailor, making his way to New York a year or so later. He tried unsuccessfully to find a job ashore and soon began hanging around the docks. Finally he signed on as mess boy aboard a freighter, later becoming a deckhand and earning his seaman's certificate. Riccardo traveled around this way for the next six years. He saw a lot of ports and spent much time playing a guitar in waterfront bars, sketching and talking to people.

On one trip to New Orleans he met Mimi Johnson, a red-haired, green-eyed Irish beauty as adventurous as Riccardo himself. They were married in 1926. She was 17 and he was 23.

Marriage ended Riccardo's seafaring, and he and Mimi got jobs in Atlanta as an apache dance team, though neither of them had experience in



Tho already ravaged by illness, Riccardo fed pigeons in Rome with characteristic gusto during his last visit.



Riccardo and son at a favorite family avocation.

show business. But their satisfaction with this feat was short-lived. The night club where they were appearing went bankrupt and the owner fled, leaving them with assets totaling 25 cents. Riccardo flipped the quarter to decide whether they should go to Chicago or New York next. It came up heads: Chicago.

He didn't find revenue and renown waiting at the city limits, but did become fairly well known in art circles during his first years here. He spent his spare time in serious painting and sketching, making a living at sign painting and various other odd jobs. His pictures began to sell, but the depression soon cut down the purchasing power of patrons of the arts. And there was another mouth to feed with the birth of Richard Riccardo jr. in 1930. Nevertheless the family managed a substantial living, especially for the bohemian circles in which they mingled, and Ric even saved enough for a trip to Italy in 1931.

There he renewed acquaintance with his brother, by then a motorcycle racing champion, and joined Egidio in an exploit which made it inadvisable for him to return to his native land until after World War II. A staunch political progressive all his life, Riccardo hated Mussolini and the

forces he represented. So it was logical that he and Egidio should raid a Fascist arsenal. They fled the scene in a shower of bullets, and Egidio whisked his brother off to the French border on his trusty two-wheeler.

Back in Chicago, Riccardo rejoined his easy-going artist friends and soon began to think of creating some sort of rendezvous for them. In 1932, using mostly borrowed money, he opened a speakeasy at 2425 south Oakley. It was thus that Riccardo made his debut as a professional host and, tho the venture was ill-fated, it was a merry time. The booze he obtained from clandestine suppliers came complete with phony labels of well-known brands, and he gilded the lily by touching up the corks so they looked like they'd been in the bottles for decades.

Riccardo's friends would sit around his illicit establishment by the hour, but few of them would pay. Why should they, when part of the capital was their own? Carlos Morelli, Metropolitan Opera star, used to sing for Riccardo's guests, and there were few places in town where there was so much fun for so little money. That was just the trouble, and the place soon closed for lack of paying customers.

After the demise of the speakeasy

Riccardo made an abortive attempt to live by painting in a studio at Chicago and Wabash. Later he published three issues of *Resolute, a Magazine in Defense of Everybody*, written entirely by himself.

It was about this time that Mimi told him she was no longer happy with their hand-to-mouth existence. Heartbroken, weary and hungry she took young Rick and returned to her mother's home in St. Bernard parish, Louisiana, in 1935. Riccardo hoped she would come back, and it was not until 1940 that he divorced her on grounds of desertion.

One of the many devoted friends Riccardo had acquired in Chicago was Gael Sullivan, at various times secretary to Mayor Edward J. Kelly and assistant postmaster general of the United States. It was Sullivan who lent him the money to start his second spa, which opened at 437 Rush street in 1935.

Riccardo's new restaurant was a success from the beginning, with its singing waiters, roving great Danes, informal atmosphere, walls covered with paintings, and the Mephistophelian host who would dart about in a long black cape playing the witch's fiddle, a haphazard amalgam of bells, cymbals and drums.

What started as a cramped, cluttered little place expanded until it occupied a half-block of store fronts, with the city's only sidewalk saloon in front and even a branch a few blocks away which may have been the first pizzeria in town.

A highlight of Riccardo's amatory saga occurred in August, 1936, when a 27-year-old divorcee took out a warrant charging that he had beaten her. Arriving in court the defendant was told that the complainant was not present. With mock chagrin he claimed this was "the first time a woman ever stood me up."

The judge dismissed the case for lack of prosecution but he told Riccardo severely, "I believe you are guilty and if I could legally convict you I would."

"Why, judge," Riccardo replied, "Do I look the kind of guy who would beat a woman? . . . I am, but do I look like one?"

IT WAS CROWDED in Riccardo's restaurant one night about two years later when a richly attired and attractive young woman swept in with a small

party. Looking around and seeing that all the seats were occupied, she stormed, "Where do we sit?" Riccardo's reply is a matter of debate, some authorities claiming that he suggested the floor, others the powder room. In any case his guest was disarmed. She apologized and identified herself as Mae June Riley Behr.

Mrs. Behr, who had divorced Lake Forest sportsman Benjamin L. Behr jr. in 1936, returned to Riccardo's often after that incident. "Jill," as she was called, had been a ballet dancer and now ran an interior design studio. Riccardo was smitten by her interest in the arts as well as her vivacious beauty, and she was soon a familiar companion at the table where he sat and sipped his favorite drink, mohito, a minty version of a frozen daiquiri.

They were married in the restaurant on February 23, 1940, and the reception lasted three days. After a honeymoon in Florida and Cuba they settled down in Jill's eight-room apartment on Elm street. A daughter, Riley, also called "Jill," was born in 1942.

The second Mrs. Riccardo shared her husband's interest in hunting, and they used to make frequent trips to the western mountains to stalk wild game. On a trek to Utah Riccardo met a mountain lion that provided him with plenty of sport both there and back on Rush street.

The lion was first wounded by gunfire and took refuge in a tree, whereupon Riccardo and his party began closing in with a view to capturing it as nearly intact as possible. After more than an hour Riccardo managed to lasso it around the neck. One of his companions got a rope around its hind legs and they pulled it to the ground. At this point the friend let go of his rope and Riccardo found himself the sole captor of an angry lion. A wild struggle ensued during which, with the aid of some dogs, Riccardo either choked the animal or caused him to die of exhaustion.

In any case, the lion was shipped back to Chicago, where Riccardo trimmed it down to a hundred pounds of meat, basted it with wine sauce while it cooked, and served it to some special guests. They thought it was pork, but after the meal he brought out the pelt to show them what they had eaten.

Another facet of Riccardo the sportsman came to the fore when he befriended the producer of *Carmen*

Jones while that show was playing here. They began laying plans for a production of *Romeo and Juliet* with his family as whites and hers as Negroes. Riccardo was to play the role of Friar Laurence, and he drew on his experience as a fencer in the old country to work out choreography for all of the swordplay in the show. The black and tan version of the Montague-Capulet ruckus was never produced, but the preparations illumined some new phases of Riccardo's catholic talent.

For several years Richard jr. had been spending summers with his father, and in 1947 he came to Chicago and enrolled in Roosevelt college, graduating in 1952. He worked in the restaurant thruout his college career, as a bartender, cook, waiter and head waiter.

Soon after Riccardo's heart had been gladdened by his son's return to Chicago, it was saddened by the failure of his second marriage. Jill obtained a divorce in 1949 and moved to New York with their daughter.

Riccardo's health broke soon afterward, and he never really recovered. He had a heart ailment but he would not follow doctors' instructions to take it easy. He went to Europe shortly after the divorce and came back on a stretcher. During the last four years of his life, he was able to visit the restaurant only every few months.

Despite the death of its founder, the fifth annual running of Riccardo's Frostbite regatta took place as usual on a Saturday morning in mid-November. About 30 dinghies were entered

in the race, and the one owned by photographer Fran Byrne was the first to complete the course — two round trips from the foot of Rush street to the Merchandise Mart.

EVERYONE AGREED that Riccardo would have been pleased. Byrne was a good friend of his who had coveted the championship since the inception of the race. Young Rick had come home from Korea on a hardship discharge to take over management of the restaurant, and he led the traditional ceremony of carrying the winning boat and its crew up Rush street from the river. Just as they arrived in front of the restaurant a bridal party drove up and got out to watch.

Later on, young Riccardo talked about how his father had spent his last years. "He kept alive by working," he said. "He didn't like the way the dentist made his false teeth so he remodeled them. He put in some gold fillings and a false bridge. He worked on a cook book and started writing his autobiography. He started distributing Italian coffee makers as a sideline and he designed all the advertising material for them."

The youthful heir to an empire of good will spoke of plans for a memorial showing of his father's art this month.

He displayed the last self-portrait, a pitifully true picture of a gay, alert face grown tired and drawn. On the border the young Riccardo had inscribed "Rick's last one" and a quotation from T. S. Eliot: "An infinitely gentle, infinitely suffering thing."

Aftermath of a Riccardo regatta, victor being carried up Rush st. in his boat.



BUILDERS OF THE CITY



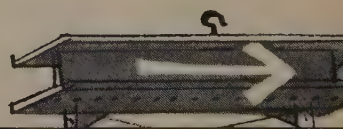
Chicago makes its first annual selection of men and women who have conspicuously advanced Chicago in major fields of human activity during the past year

CAROL FOX

Miss Fox is a 28-year-old only child who contradicts her elders. They said restoring Chicago opera was a hopeless task. She not only brought it back; she gave it a glory rarely matched today or in the Golden Age that ended when she was in pigtails. Miss Fox is president of the Lyric Theater, which played a three-week season in November to the unrestrained delight of critics and public. Born here of wealthy parents, she attended private grade and high schools, then studied voice, but finally decided to present opera instead of performing it. In 1950, she and Lawrence Kelly, a young business man, made the first plans for bringing opera back to their native city. One of the chief coups of the 1954 season was the slightly unbelievable Maria Meneghini-Callas, whose magnificent performances in *Norma*, *La Traviata* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* created a true musical sensation. But it was no one-artist show. The other stars, the chorus, the ballet and the orchestra did work on the highest level. And, as opera seasons go, it was a financial success, too. Twelve of the 16 performances sold out. Having brought off these miracles, Carol Fox is now busy organizing a 1955 season of five weeks and ten operas. Her powers seem limitless. She even got the Opera House to clean its curtain.



Miss Fox was poised and cool amid the clamorously enthusiastic reaction of the city to the opera season she had provided. Above, she attends a performance with Larry Kelly, right, her associate in management of the Lyric Theater company, and two friends.





BUILDERS OF THE CITY

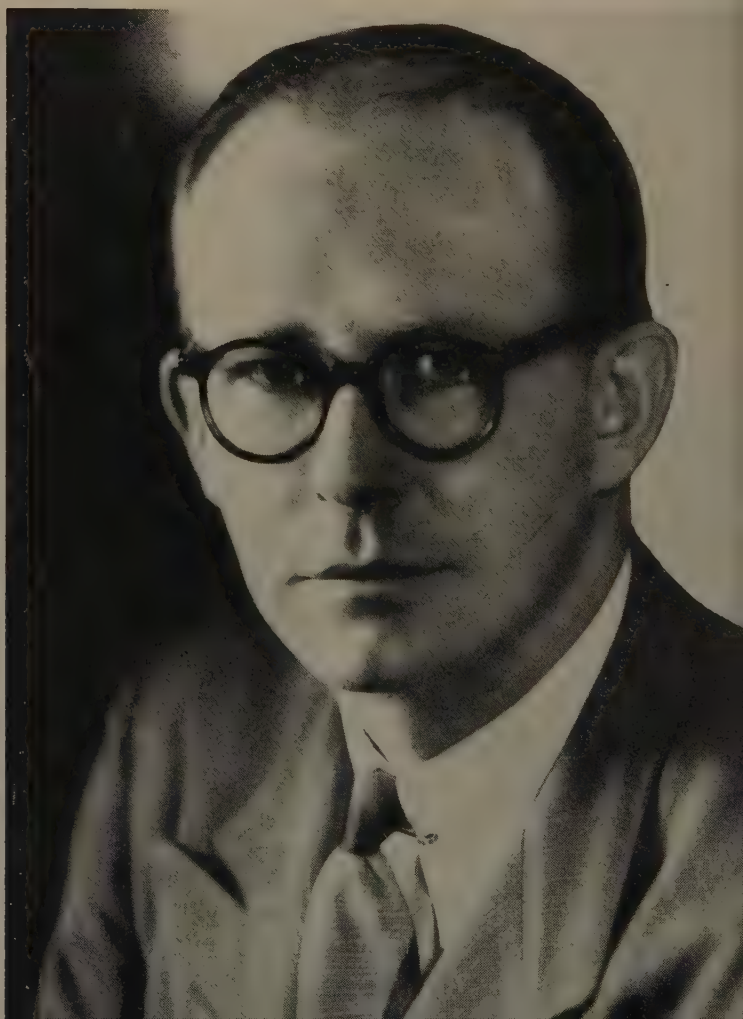
WILLARD F. LIBBY

The appointment of Willard F. Libby to the Atomic Energy commission, which won unanimous approval in the Senate last month, plucks him from the University of Chicago laboratory where he created a revolution in determining man's past and thrusts him into participation in determining man's future. Professor of chemistry at the university since 1945 and a staff member of the Institute for Nuclear Studies, Libby is less well-known than other atomic scientists. His greatest renown has been among scholars for his development of radiocarbon dating, which has been called the second most important discovery of the atomic age, the H-bomb ranking first.

Libby's technique for determining the age of objects from ancient times by measuring their content of radioactive carbon has given those who reconstruct the history of man and the earth a tool of much greater precision than any before. In the study of antiquity it already has caused major and furious revisions of chronologies that were standards for various fields. In terms of the future, Libby's appointment means the addition to the AEC of a scientist whose specialization is the use of atomic tracers in industry. His will be a calm and authoritative voice urging the realization of plans for harnessing the new energy to an industrial yoke.



In his University of Chicago laboratory, Dr. Libby is surrounded by the complicated and ponderous equipment necessary for the study of the infinitesimal atom.





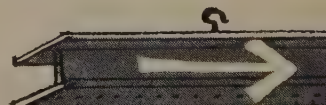
SAMUEL W. WITWER JR.

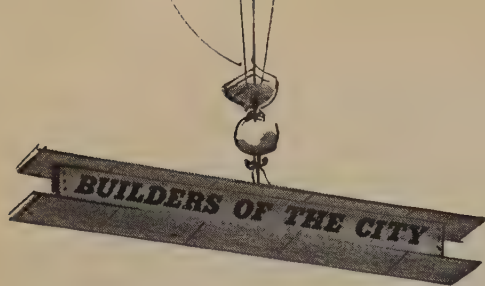
The city and its suburbs gained new strength in Springfield with the victory last November of the state reapportionment amendment. Its passage promises restoration of fair representation in the legislature (including elimination of the rotten boroughs of the West Side bloc) that has been denied to Cook county districts for more than half a century. Credit for the success of the reapportionment measure is shared by hundreds of citizens who worked in its support, but a large proportion of that credit is due Samuel W. Witwer jr., chairman of the Illinois Committee for Constitutional Revision, which conducted the campaign for adoption of the proposal.

Witwer, a 46-year-old Chicago lawyer and resident of Riverside, gave the campaign the organization and experienced direction necessary to emphasize the importance of reapportionment as a side issue in the election. When the ballots were tallied, the amendment had received a 10 to 1 vote in the county. The campaign was the latest in an eight-year period during which Witwer, who shuns the label of reformer, often had forsaken his law practice and family to work for modernization of the 1870 state constitution.



On election night, Witwer's crew of volunteer campaigners cheered when it became evident the blue ballot had succeeded. The man who had led them was pleased but tired.





JAMES BROWN

In recent years the world of sport has increasingly been torn between its two basic motives — winning and playing the game. James Stanford Brown is an illustration of the fact that peaceful coexistence is possible. Head coach at Du Sable high school on the South Side, he led his basketball team to unprecedented accomplishments last spring. Chicago teams had been notoriously unsuccessful in the state tournament at Champaign. None of them had ever finished better than third. Jim Brown's boys electrified the meet with their colorful and brilliant play. A city starved for victory rooted for them at thousands of television sets, and downstate fans learned new respect for Chicago basketball as Du Sable broke all existing scoring records. It was almost anticlimax when the Panthers were nosed out in the final game.

But Brown is more than a winning coach, he is a sportsman in the best sense of the word. To him the idea that athletics should build character is not a platitude but a project. He visits the homes of his players, checks on their neighborhood environments and attends church with them. He provides an example of positive adult life to the youth of a community with more than its share of negative influences. The son of a Gary steel worker, Brown graduated from Indiana university and has been working toward a master's degree from that school. He spent three years in the navy during World War II. His wife, Janet, is a social worker at Provident hospital.



Coach Brown and his triumphant Panthers with the trophy they got for finishing second in the state basketball meet—highest place ever won by a Chicago team.

HENRY CROWN

During the depression, Chicago lost what financial autonomy it still possessed to New York, just as that city surrendered much of it to Washington. Only in recent years has Chicago's prosperity made possible the emergence of new accumulations of capital, chiefly in the hands of a new group of industrialists, to restore to this city a certain freedom of financial action. And only in 1954 did Col. Henry Crown emerge publicly as the most spectacular of the mid-century entrepreneurs. His growing fiscal power had long been known on La Salle street, but to the world at large his purchase of the Empire State building was the first major assertion of his position as a new Midwestern Midas.

Henry Crown was born to Lithuanian-immigrant parents on the Northwest Side in 1896. Instead of attending high school he got a \$4-a-week job with the Chicago Fire Brick Co. Within two years he was traffic manager of the Union Drop Forge Co., and in 1919 he and two brothers got together \$10,000 to start the Material Service Corp. That firm has never known a year without profit and has long since become the world's largest supplier of construction materials. Last year its sales totaled \$55,000,000.

On the day when his purchase of the Empire State building was made public, Crown went over to Illinois Institute of Technology and gave its president, John Rettaliata, a check for \$250,000 toward the building of a new home for the Institute of Design.



In a ceremony on the 80th floor of the 102-story Empire State building, announcement was made of the \$50,000,000 deal by which Colonel Crown became the building's owner. In a moment of elation, he climbed up on a table and symbolically claimed a model of the world's tallest skyscraper.





Sunlight falls aslant a 60-year-old Sullivan skyscraper at 30 north La Salle street. The 13 stories of the old Stock Exchange building rest partly on caissons that reach down 75 feet to bedrock. This was the first structure in the world to be built on caissons. Opposite page, a detail from the ornament above the main entrance to Carson Pirie Scott building.

*The seed germ of today's skyline
was in the proud walls and stone
flowers of Louis Henry Sullivan*



THE TRAGIC HERO OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE

by Jill Moore

At 4611 Lincoln avenue stands the last executed design of the man who, more than any other, preordained what we call modern architecture. He was Louis Henry Sullivan, once admired for his architectural creed, then ridiculed and finally left to oblivion by his own generation. Sullivan's last building was by no means his finest design. Those who see the ultimate in architecture at Illinois Institute of Technology might very well find it senescent. Only in comparison with the apathetic buildings around it, for whose company it seems to seek an excuse, are the bold forgings of a new force apparent. Most of Sullivan's work was completed between 1880 and 1900. His creation during those years was immense in variety and in the intensity of its purpose — to free American architecture from its European propositions and give it an expression of democracy. Sullivan designed warehouses, residences, skyscrapers, banks, shops,

churches, hotels, cottages, theaters, clubs, temples — even tombs. To each he gave a fitting exposition of its function thru its design. His canon, "form shall follow function," over-worked phrase tho it is, has become the Hippocratic oath of architecture. Solidified into words, it satisfied a quest begun in 1874 when he was only 18 years old. At that time, he went to Paris to enroll in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He had only six weeks to master French, and to prepare for the entrance examinations. Engaging a Monsieur Clopet to tutor him in mathematics, Sullivan took a book on descriptive geometry with him. Clopet thumbed thru its pages, then said: "Now observe: Here is a problem with five exceptions or special cases; here is a theorem, three special cases; another, nine, and so and on, a procession of exceptions and special cases. I suggest you place the book in the wastebasket; we shall not have need of it here; for here our

demonstrations shall be so broad as to admit of no exception." This became the object of Sullivan's quest — a Clopet demonstration for architecture, one so broad as to admit of no exception. Functionalism was its answer. The feeling of functionalism is in his early work, altho it was not formally expressed until later. It is this feeling which is difficult to dissect in description of a Sullivan building, because there is a prediction in each one of them. They mirror the past, but the present is in them, and perhaps the future, too. They seem strangely restless, yet paradoxically at home, in a city where architecture ranges from a few doddering survivors of the 1871 fire to the half-dressed manikin of the Prudential building. After two years at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Sullivan came to Chicago. The city was just emerging from the ravages of the fire of 1871 and the financial panic of 1873. Within a short



cotta detail, Farmers &
ants bank, Columbus, Wis.

time he knew the city well. He explored miles of it every day. He loved Chicago, and compared it to Paris.

Such a comparison would be unlikely today but at the time the predominant local architectural influence came from France. Immense dormer windows, mansard roofs, rusticated stone, statuary and general elaboration covered Chicago's buildings. The Cyrus McCormick mansion at Erie and Rush, built in 1875 and razed about a year ago, was a good example of the style.

One can love a thing while understanding its weaknesses, but Sullivan wanted an architecture of strength for Chicago. By 1879 he began to give his own expression to it. In this year he joined the firm of Dankmar Adler & Co. Adler had been an army engineer with Gen. William T. Sherman. After the war the fire brought him to Chicago, and when Sullivan joined the firm, Adler was one of the city's most respected architect-engineers. The Borden block, which stood on the present site of the Woods theater from 1880 to 1916, was the first building that the two men did together. In this structure their problem was to give more light to the office worker. Their solution borders on the discovery of skeleton frame construction.

To give the six-story Borden block larger windows, Adler and Sullivan decreased the number of weight-bearing piers between windows, compensating for the reduction by reinforcing the remaining ones. The window area was thus increased, and the huge glass plates, called "Chicago windows," were strengthened by cast-iron mullions. This directed stress called for a new conception of the foundation on which it was to be carried. Experimenting with a theory of another Chicagoan, Frederick Baumann, the architects employed iso-

lated stone foundations, and therefore this was one of the first buildings to depart from the solid-wall principle.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in its history, America was getting out of debt to any architectural form borrowed from Europe. Chicago's men were evolving an indigenous American architecture, building it with a theory here and a principle there. Daniel Burnham became the best known of Chicago's city planners. John Root gave the sagging soil a face lifting with the ingenious "floating foundation," a raft of concrete, imbedded with railroad rails or steel beams. Maj. William Le Baron Jenney designed the first skyscraper, the eleven-story Home Insurance building, based on skeleton steel construction. It was torn down in 1931 to make way for the Field building. George H. Johnson installed the world's first hollow tile fireproofing in the Kendall building in 1873. It stood at 40 north Dearborn until 1940. On Gen. Sooy Smith's advice, Adler first used caissons as foundations for the Chicago Stock Exchange building, a great blackened, 13-story structure standing today at 30 north La Salle. Sullivan contributed to every phase of this momentous birth of form and style. He coordinated the mass of contributions into a system of thought, into a philosophy of architecture — a religion to him. With the Chicago window and skeleton construction, the great gulf was bridged between construction and design principles.

New York gaped at the thought of "provincial" Chicago spreading a new

creed. Europe was simply unbelieving. Chicago itself knew that it was doing something, but it was slower than any to comprehend the meaning. This is the tragedy of Louis Sullivan. He understood, and tried to impart understanding to his contemporaries. As late as 1927 he was called an "old master," a man with a lost cause, and one with interesting if somewhat eccentric views.

The principles contributed to the new architecture were mostly engineering, not aesthetic ones. But Sullivan worked out a silhouette for the skyscraper, and a basis for fresh ornamentation. In 1881 he became Adler's partner. For several years he dabbled in their buildings with an ineffectual acanthoid ornament, suggestive of Egyptian inspiration. It can be seen on the Revell building at the northeast corner of Wabash and Adams, and the building at 212 Monroe street, which now houses the local FBI office. It was more decor of desperation than anything else — an attempt to depart from Greek and Gothic ornament at all costs.

This phase of Sullivan's ornamentation was soon abandoned and is quite different from his mature ornament, which was derived from nature. During the last years of his life, he did a series of plates on his system of ornament, now in the Burnham library of the Art Institute. It contains exquisite filigreed examples of draftsmanship graphically showing how he arrived at an organic and very personal ornament. One detail shows the embryo of a piece of ornament, then successive stages in its development, like the

Getty tomb, Graceland cemetery, built in 1890 for Carrie Eliza Getty, is of gray Bedford limestone with bronze gates. Ornamentation is intricate and feminine.



photographs, previously published, are by John Szarkowski. Last summer Szarkowski completed the Chicago edition of his photographic presentation of the work of Sullivan, a project for which he was a J. S. Guggenheim Fellowship recipient. About his project, the photographer says: "The essence of a building goes deeper than its appearance. A building is what it looks like, but it is equally what it aspires to be — what its maker intended and what its era demanded. It is also the idea it conveys to . . . And in its oldness it is what those who have followed have made of it. These photographs attempt to make visual not only form, but something of this content."



Detail of stone arch, Auditorium. This magnificent building was conceived by Sullivan at 30, at the height of his genius. He hired Frank Lloyd Wright, an 18-year-old, to help on the job. The building cost \$3,000,000, took three years to build, was the talk of the architectural world and a hub of the city's cultural life for 40 years.

multiplying of a living cell.

Today, in a period when Sullivan's work is appreciated, many people would nevertheless like to "wish away" his ornament. Nurtured on the thin blood of a stern functionalism, they find it embarrassingly passionate. But its basis, nature, is rarely simple. Sullivan delineates in delicately wrought plaster and iron the florescence of springtime.

The grillwork on the Carson Pirie Scott store and the interior of Roosevelt University (the Auditorium) tell of the effulgence of Sullivan's hand. The ornament on the Getty tomb in Graceland cemetery is noteworthy for its restraint. It is of the surface of the stone, as Sullivan said it should be, not on the surface.

His philosophy of ornament may be the portion of Sullivan's work that is for future men less afraid of architecture that is more than engineering —

architecture that has a soul and a spirit.

In 1887 a young man from Spring Green, Wisconsin, named Frank Lloyd Wright applied for a job with Adler & Sullivan. He was hired for \$25 a week on the strength of some rather good sketches. The firm needed help for the commission that was to bring it international recognition. This was the Auditorium, a gigantic project employing eventually 17,000,000 bricks for the exterior walls, 500 windows, 2,000 doors, 10,000 electric lights, and 46,875 square feet of gold leaf for decoration. Ferdinand Peck and other culture-minded Chicagoans conceived the idea of a building to house a hotel, an office building and an auditorium which still ranks acoustically with the best.

SULLIVAN HAD SEVERED ornament from its classical moorings. In 1890 he tail-

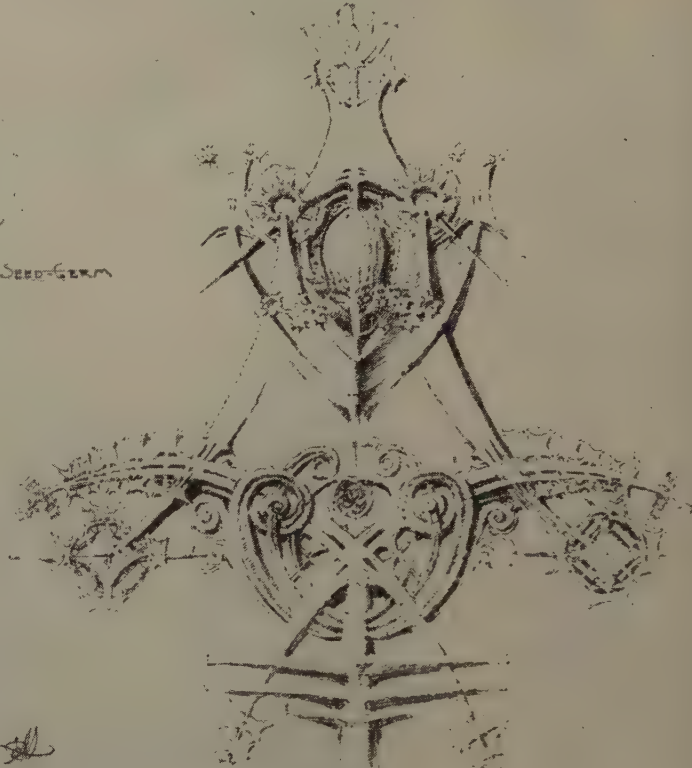
ored the skyscraper. The Wainwright building in St. Louis, designed that year, is considered the progenitor of the modern skyscraper, insofar as it can be traced to any one influence. Until then, the tall building had tried to deny its tallness. Not considered a structural unit, it was designed as a stack of one-story buildings.

In the Wainwright building, Sullivan gives definition to height, encouraging it by stressing the vertical piers. It is a nine-story building, beautifully proportioned and conservatively ornamented. Giving it written interpretation in a very explicit essay called "The Tall Office Building Artistically Considered," he says: "It is my belief that it (the office building) is the very essence of every problem in that it contains and suggests its own solution. This I believe to be natural law . . ." The office building should therefore be expressed in terms of its needs —



DEVELOPMENT OF NO. 13 MOTIF.

REMEMBER THE SEED-GERM



DEVELOPMENT OF NO. 12 MOTIF.

NOTE: FOR ELEMENTARY KNOWLEDGE OF PLANT LIFE, THE STUDENT IS REFERRED TO "GRAY'S SCHOOL AND FIELD BOOK OF BOTANY."

PLATE 2

Drawings by Sullivan, showing the cell-division principle on which he evolved his intricate, almost animated motifs. "Remember the seed germ" is a Sullivan precept as familiar as "form follows function." (Burnham library, Art Institute.)

its form should follow its function. Considered in subjective terms, "the force and power of altitude must be in it, the glory and pride of exaltation must be in it. It must be every inch a proud and soaring thing."

Sullivan preferred to give the skyscraper a vertical emphasis. On occasions this was not suitable. "The practical horizontal and vertical division of office unit is naturally based on a room of comfortable area and height, and the size of this standard office room as naturally predetermines the standard structural unit, and approximately the size of the window openings. In turn these purely arbitrary units of structure form in an equally natural way the true basis of the artistic development of the exterior."

The Meyer building, 307 Van Buren, is the translation in brick of this idea. Here Sullivan subordinated all vertical elements to stratification. It was built in 1893. In 1899 he emphasized the horizontal again in the

Schlesinger and Mayer building, now part of Carson Pirie Scott. These two buildings seem prophetic in view of the work of the International school, whose forte at first was its horizontality.

Thirty-two years after the epoch-making Wainwright building, the Chicago *Tribune* held a competition. Its purpose was to give every architect here and abroad the chance to design "the most beautiful office building in the world." It urged the creative best from the competitors. But the results only revealed how little understood were the demands of the skyscraper. It brought forth all the dead forms of the past, grotesquely applied to the tall building, with few but notable exceptions a midden of architectural malaprops.

A volume of the designs submitted in the competition was published by the *Tribune* in 1923. It can be found at some second-hand book stores in the city.

Chicago was selected for the site of the Columbian Exposition in 1893 because it had attained the lead in American architecture. Adler & Sullivan was one of the six local firms invited to build at the Exposition. Its Transportation building was the only tropical plumage in a wasteland of whiteness. It made no attempt to look like a building of the pharaohs, made to last for the ages.

It was an honest fair building, temporary, reflecting in its brilliant colors the vitality of the crowds that swarmed there. It took the form of a great shed coated with pink plaster. White canvas angels were stationed between its arches. The most spectacular feature was the golden door, a multicolored portal bedecked with all the splendor of the East.

It has been said that "Sullivan's sun set in the golden glow of the door of the Transportation building." It might be more correct to say that Chicago's vision was blurred in the milky miasma

of classic columns. "Here was to be a test of American culture, and here it failed," Sullivan said.

The Columbian Exposition started a stampede of neo-classic building all over the country. This and the financial panic of 1893 conspired to whittle away Adler & Sullivan's commissions. With a family to support, Adler had to accept a business position in 1895, dissolving the firm.

Louis Sullivan was alone. Between 1895 and 1900 he did some distinguished skyscrapers and several factories. Between 1900 and 1924 only 15 buildings of his design were constructed. Most of these were commissions for small banks scattered throughout the Midwest. They constitute some of his most exceptional work.

A bank in a small town is perhaps the least revealing building in that town. A bank is not a Greek temple. It should not look like one. Sullivan wanted the small bank to show the independence and individualism of the people who did business in it.

The small bank is usually formal, and so is it also formidable. Sullivan animated it, made it hospitable. In these banks he displays a magnificent grasp of the essence of materials. Rich yet subtle use of color characterizes their tone. The bank at Owatonna, Minnesota; is one of the most dramatic structures in this country, fulfilling in every sense Sullivan's desire for democratic building.

Without commissions, Sullivan was forced to become an architectural preacher. He would not accept "pot boilers" because his belief in his own cause was too intense to make a mau-met of it. "Weight for weight, measure for measure, sign for sign — as are your buildings, so are you," he said.

He wrote prolifically in his last years. *Kindergarten Chats* was his first extended work. Using the Socratic method, he propounded a theory that architecture should return to the kindergarten and relearn its fundamentals. Like his ornament, his writing has been called florid, but the singular beauty of many of its passages cannot be overlooked.

In 1909 Sullivan was forced to sell his belongings, including some oriental art, his library and personal effects. It has never been quite clear what happened to an old master painting that he bought in Europe, and of which he was very fond. The house at 4575 Lake Park which he had originally designed for his mother (he lived in it afterward) was taken over by his brother, Albert. His marriage failed, and his beautiful cottages at Ocean Springs, Mississippi, were destroyed in a wind storm. Everything that he had lived for seemed lost. He re-

marked to an old friend one day, "Soon every one of the buildings that I designed will be either changed or demolished."

In his last few years, he took rooms in the Warner hotel on Cottage Grove, standing in a row of steep-pitched roofs and oriel windows. Finally when he could not pay for the rooms, he was moved into a closet in the hotel. At times he starved. On one of these occasions a friend spotted him and took him to lunch in the Loop. After Sullivan had finished the lunch his friend asked, "Louis have you had enough to eat?"

"I think I could eat a little more," was the reply.

He ate two more lunches.

Louis Sullivan was better equipped than any man to do Chicago's building. But he was not given the opportunity to build. A writer, an artist, a composer can continue his work even after money is gone. An architect is solely dependent upon the tide of opinion and upon the economic cycle.

In 1922 Charles A. Whitaker, managing editor of the American Institute of Architects Journal, requested Sullivan to write a series of articles. Sullivan accepted the offer gladly, and the writing of these articles, which eventually were published in book form as his literary masterpiece, *The Autobiography of an Idea*, afforded him a sense of final accomplishment. Sometimes he would walk down Cottage Grove to Washington park to write. Other times he went to Michigan avenue, up the eight stories on the elevator at Orchestra hall, and then up the long, narrow wooden staircase to the Cliff Dwellers club.

He died in 1924 a few days after receiving a copy of his *Autobiography*. His friends buried him in Graceland cemetery near the Ryerson tomb, designed by him.

A portion of a prose poem that Sullivan wrote and read at the third annual convention of the Western Association of Architects in 1886, when he was the wonder of Chicago, seems aptly to divine his own immortality:

"He who with compassionate solicitude looks on the actual face of dissolution must surely die in sympathy forthwith. Yet this is not the end; for when in its predestined course the world of hope moves past another vernal equinox in springtime ecstasy, 'mid the soft, persuasive rays of fixed serenity of purpose, he will emerge from this abode of gloom, and greeting the warm air, will rise again, into a nobler, greater life, to bear a rich fruition, a more complex sympathy, a metamorphosed insight, a profoundly changed belief."

Louis Sullivan
at the turn of the century.

GUIDE TO SURVIVING WORKS

Sullivan gave his distinctive design to more than 100 structures in the Chicago area during and after his partnership with Adler. Less than half are still standing in varying conditions, many of them only as part of the anonymous, familiar setting of daily life in the city. Buildings representative of Sullivan's scope are listed here.

commercial buildings

212 Monroe. First floor remodeled; now occupied by local FBI office. 1881.

NE corner, Wabash & Adams. Revell building; lower floors remodeled. 1881-83.

44 n. Ashland. Hammond library; now unoccupied, boarded up. 1882.

627 Lake. Wright Chemical corporation factory. 1883.

15-19 s. Wacker. Originally Troecher building, later, Louis Sullivan building; first floor remodeled. 1884.

Michigan & Congress. Auditorium building; now Roosevelt university. 1887-89.

64 w. Randolph. Garrick building. 1891-92.

30 n. La Salle. Originally Chicago Stock Exchange building. 1893-94.

18 s. Michigan. Originally Gage building; built by Holabord & Roche as a unit with the two buildings immediately south, with Sullivan commissioned to design the facade at 18 south. 1898-99.

State & Madison. Carson's. 1903-04.

4611 Lincoln. Store and flat building. Sullivan's last design. 1922.

residences

22 e. Ontario. Originally C. P. Kimball residence; now L'Aiglon restaurant.

3420-24 Wabash. Three buildings of typical Sullivan design; somewhat run-down. 1890.

4575 Lake Park. Considered the best of Sullivan's small urban homes, built for his brother, Albert; run-down. 1892.

230 Long Common road, Riverside. A progenitor of today's horizontal emphasis in home design. 1907.

churches & monuments

3301 Indiana. Originally Kehilath Anshe Ma'ariv synagog, now Pilgram Baptist church. 1890-91.

1121 n. Leavitt. Holy Trinity Russian Orthodox cathedral. 1901-02.

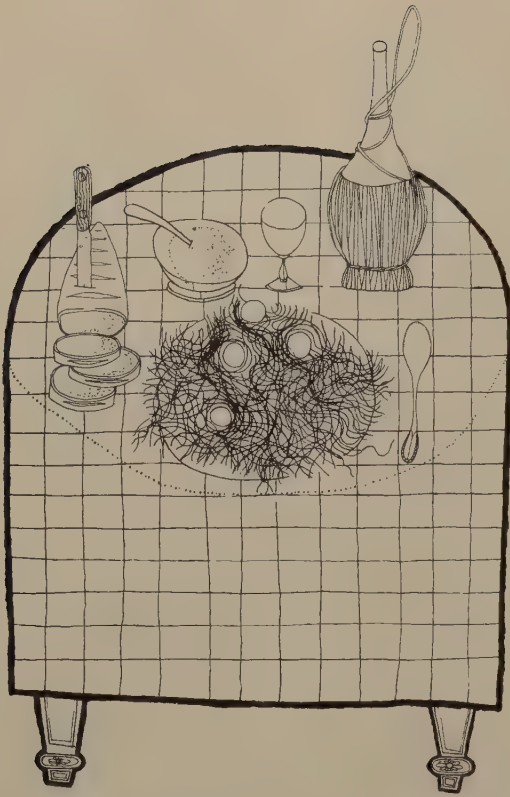
Graceland cemetery. Irving Park & Clark. Ryerson and Getty tombs. 1889 & 1890.



Table of

drawings by Jack Nelson

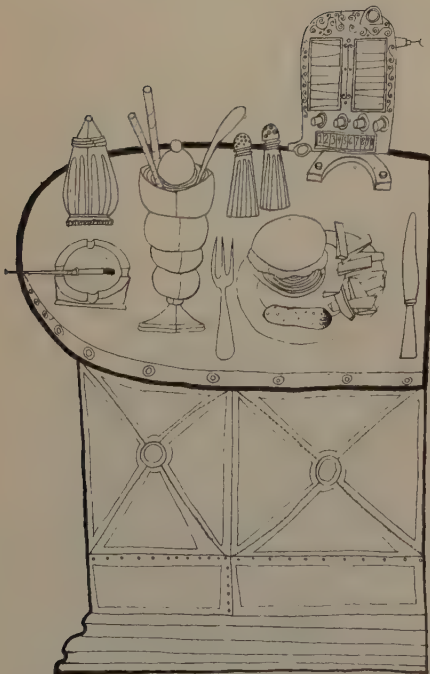
captions by John A. Dunn



Quaint, he says . . . hah! The Pump Room'd get quaint in a hurry if their dinners came down to a buck-fifteen.



Frankly, I was disappointed. You could actually see the wires they used to whisk Helpmann and Shearer off stage.



Why is it we always have just 15 minutes before the feature?

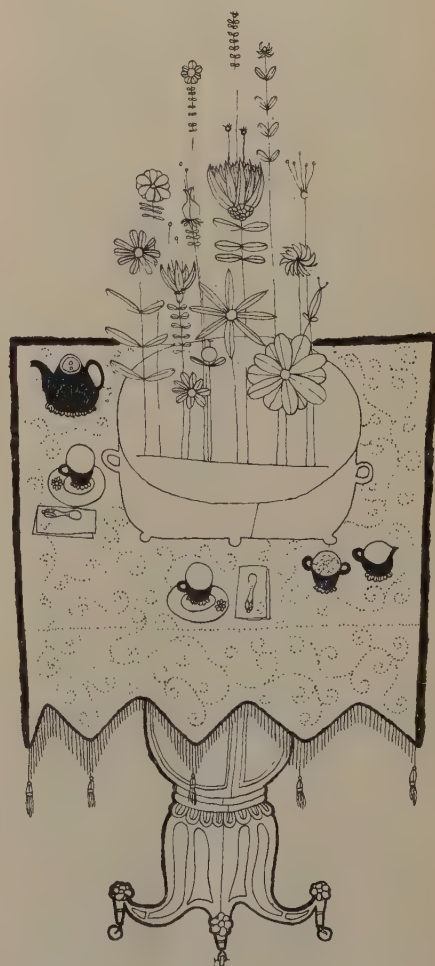
Contents



Well maybe my old man did
oilcloth on Flournoy street
we ate food!



Believe me; they didn't teach her to walk
like that at Jones Commercial.



Proxies, indeed! If the day ever
comes when I disagree with Mr.
Avery, I'll tell him so myself.

How to beat a traffic

by Dan Smyth

A belief is widely held that newspaper reporters are immune to arrest for traffic violations. So powerful is the press, supposedly, that even a drunken driver can escape detention by simply flashing a press card.

The belief is false. As a young reporter, I discovered early that a press card wouldn't even admit me free to a high school basketball game. Maybe I didn't display it with the proper confidence.

In recent years, I haven't even carried the card. I don't think it means much. But I did beat the rap not long ago on a pinch for speeding. You could do likewise under the same circumstances.

It was a cold, dry, sunny day — January 31, 1954. Traffic on Roosevelt road at 10:30 a.m. was rather light in the western suburbs. I was en route to Old St. Mary's church, Wabash and Ninth, not in any hurry. I didn't have to be there until 11:30.

Driving thru Cicero, I overtook a suburban police patrol car. I checked my speedometer immediately. I was slightly above the posted speed limit of 30 miles an hour. I slowed down and passed the police car as it turned south at Cicero avenue, the city limit.

Hardly more than a minute later, I heard the flutter of a motorcycle behind me. I pulled over to let it pass, and was thunderstruck when the officer motioned me to the curb. He stopped me just below a dirty, almost unreadable sign at Keeler avenue, which proclaimed the speed limit as 25 m.p.h.

The officer clambered off his motorcycle as I stepped from my car. He pointed his finger at me, and addressed me in a challenging tone.

"Mister, you are in a 25-mile zone."

There was no disputing his statement. I hadn't looked at my speedometer for six blocks. I hadn't thought I was speeding, but couldn't say I wasn't. I asked him, helplessly: "How fast was I going?"

"How fast were you going?" the officer repeated. "Come over here. I'll show you how fast you were going. You were going 39 miles an hour. That's how fast you were going."

He punched a trigger of some kind on his motorcycle instrument panel, and a needle spun around to zero. His instrument panel was a mystifying

grouping of dials and clocks. I never did see what the needle said before it moved.

The officer demanded my driver's license. I produced it. He examined it, and asked my occupation.

"I'm a newspaper reporter," I said, hoping that would settle things. The officer looked as grim as ever.

"What's your paper?" was the next question.

"Well, I'm employed by the *Sun-Times*, but I'm on a leave of absence right now."

"What's the matter? You sick?"

"No, I'm not convalescing. I took a leave of absence to do some work for my union, the Chicago Newspaper guild."

The officer was unmoved. He studied the back of my license and noticed there was no record of previous arrest.

"I haven't been arrested for speeding since I bought my first automobile 18 years ago," I told him.

For the first time, he seemed impressed.

"What do you think I ought to do about this?" he asked me.

"I'd suggest you drop the subject," I said, beginning to pick up a little confidence. "As you can see, these signs are hard to read. Maybe I did go a little faster than the law requires, but not enough to endanger anybody. You have called my attention to the speed limit, and you can depend on me to observe it from now on."

"Well, I'll give you a choice," he said. "A ticket for speeding or a ticket for an improper pass."

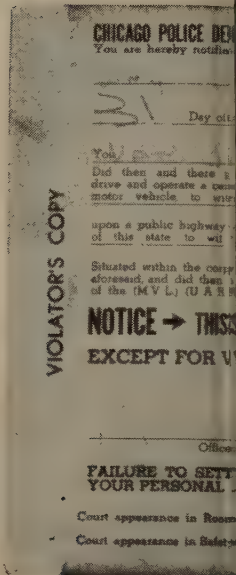
"I didn't make any improper pass," I said.

"I know it," he said, impatiently. "I'm offering you a choice because of your good record and the dirty signs. Speeding or an improper pass."

I told him if he thought I was guilty of speeding I would be tried for speeding, not for an improper pass we both knew I didn't make. He shrugged his shoulders and wrote out the ticket.

"SEE YOU IN COURT," he said. "Watch your speed, sir."

In the remaining 5½ miles to St. Mary's, I did not exceed 20 miles per hour. But my court appearance was to be March 26. I had ample opportunity to go over the ground again.



The speeding ticket that began the author's adventure, and the photograph of traffic signs he took as evidence.

The following Sunday, I studied the route. I found there was no sign between 4800 and 4600 west to warn a motorist he'd entered a 25-mile zone.

At 4600 west the eastbound driver goes under a railroad viaduct. A sign is posted near the exit from the underpass, but it was unreadable as the one at Keeler. The street is well-paved in that stretch, in a neighborhood of light factories which are closed on Sundays. Nothing but fear of arrest would keep a motorist at a 25-mile speed.

I decided I couldn't have been driving 39 miles an hour, as charged. There is a sensation of speed at 39 miles an hour which I hadn't felt when I was arrested. The officer must have stepped up his bike to 39 m.p.h. to catch me.

Reading my ticket, I found I still had a choice. I could go to court at 1121 south State street at 9 a.m. on March 26, plead innocent and stand trial, or I could go to Navy Pier any time up to March 23, plead guilty in the Traffic Violations bureau, and pay a fine.

A telephone call to Navy Pier established that the fine would be \$8. But the conviction would be noted on my driver's license, ruining my perfect record. A man who couldn't stand the loss of a day's wages for court appearance probably would pay the \$8 regardless of guilt or innocence.

January 1955 CHICAGO / 35

[illegible]

Race hatred grips Lawndale and juvenile gangs roam the streets looking for somebody to hurt. When they find a victim they do their work deftly, like experts. Many of them do have special training, and they get it from instruction booklets sold for a dime a copy at thousands of outlets all over town.

Comic books are one of three chief causes of the violence that has been rampant in that West Side community, in the opinion of Rabbi Leonard C. Mishkin, whose recent letter to Mayor Kennedy caused special police details to be sent there.

Narcotics and parental laxity are the other two primary factors in the disorders, Rabbi Mishkin believes. He agrees with other local clergymen, jurists and civic leaders that a realistic appraisal of the role played by this literature is vitally important to a community which hopes to work effectively against delinquency. The general feeling is that it is equally dangerous to lay too much or too little stress on this cause of juvenile crime.

Nobody believes that getting rid of comic books would eliminate teen-age crime. But most authorities think that it would help materially.

Here, as thruout the country, there has been a lot of talk and even a good deal of action on the comic book problem in recent months. But, judging from a survey of copies picked off

news-stands in various parts of town,
much remains to be done.

To date the law has not been found very effective in fighting undesirable comics, and education and persuasion have had to be the main weapons.

A ceremonial book burning was one method chosen by Rev. Clinton F. Cox, pastor of Drexel Park Presbyterian church at 63rd and Marshfield. He and a group of his parishioners touched off about 300 volumes in a pit dug in a vacant lot across the street from the church. Of course they entertained no hope of substantially denting the vast tonnage of worthless and worse printed matter grouped under the usually unreliable designation of "comics." The fire was intended only as a symbolic move, and it was regarded as a fair success, tho a group of small boys, mistaking its purpose, asked if they might take home some of the books that had been assembled.

Several civic, religious and educational groups in the metropolitan area have banded together to battle bad comics under the name of the Citizens Committee for Better Juvenile Literature. This group seeks to inform parents of the content of the various comics and to put pressure on those who make money off of them. At present it has a code committee at work drafting standards by which to judge the books.

Since none of the comics is published in Chicago, the committee makes distributors and retailers the targets of its efforts at persuasion. Some success has reportedly been attained in getting the dealers to stop handling various objectionable titles.

A local jurist has been instrumental in having a similar program carried on nationally, thru the Veterans of Foreign Wars. At the group's convention two years ago, Circuit Judge Charles S. Dougherty was the leader in setting up the project. Since then VFW posts all over the country have been working to arouse public opinion against the unfunny comics.

The problems involved in trying to deal with comics thru law are thorny. One fairly obvious difficulty is the possibility of infringing on freedom of the press. It would probably be impossible to write a law which banned the bad

OF TERROR

designed by Carl Schranz

Comics sold here offer visual education
in murder, torture and indecent assault

comics without also prohibiting innocent ones and other legitimate types of literature.

The post office department has the power to bar publications from the mails on an individual and more or less arbitrary basis, but most comic book publishers avoid that possible pitfall as they deliver by express.

Hope that legal weapons against the comics may yet be found is entertained by Circuit Judge Julius H. Miner, who has long been a student of the juvenile crime problem. He advocates exploring the possibility of prosecuting those who sell harmful comic books on charges of contributing to the delinquency of minors.

This method would have the advantage of not interfering in any way with adult literature, and there would be no advance censorship — the burden of proving that the crime had taken place would fall on the state.

This considerable local ferment over the comic books constitutes much ado about something, for, with few exceptions, the ones sold here feature overemphasis on sex and violence, false values and distorted portrayals of love and other basic human relationships. In addition, most of the books have tired stories, dumb talk, bad drawings and phony advertising.

They fall into nine more or less clearly defined categories.

ONE OF THE LARGEST and most heavily criticized kinds is the horror group. Actually, however, some of the frankly labeled horror comics are a good deal less horrible than others which purport to convey constructive lessons. The former tend to be more cleverly plotted and better drawn. Many of them resemble the pre-war radio horror shows in presenting chills engendered by weird supernatural forces, rather than physical violence. A few even verge on science-fiction.

In one issue, *Adventures into the Unknown* follows three earthlings to the planet Xenon, where they are caught in a device like a mouse trap set by a huge, rather mottled looking native couple. As the visitors are thrown out the window, trap and all, the Xenonian husband says, "Strange, aren't they? The ministry has never

figured out what they are, or where they come from!" His wife replies, "And I don't care! Just get rid of the disgusting little things!"

The editor of *Adventures into the Unknown* has a one-page department entitled "Let's Talk It Over," which he devotes to taking other horror comics publishers to task for bringing down public wrath upon the industry. *Thrills of Tomorrow* follows a traditional horror line, rather than the futuristic one implied by its title. Its pages are populated by ambulatory skeletons, people who turn into trees, trees that turn into people, and the like.

Strange Mysteries, a product imported from Toronto, deals to a greater extent in the comic book staple of senseless violence. In one episode a chemist's body turns to glass when an experiment misfires. He uses his invisibility in pulling a sequel to the Brinks robbery, then beats his wife to death when she discovers his texture. (His ability to conceal it from her so long would make a better story.)

The horror comics, like other publications in the field, usually devote a page or two to short short short stories illegibly printed on a yellow background. These text pieces develop themes similar to those in the illustrated part of the magazine.

The advertising agencies seem to regard comics, including the horror ones, as good media for reaching scrawny paupers. They are filled with ads for Charles Atlas and similar muscle binders and for "Uncle Harry," "Uncle Bernie" and other quasi-kinfolk who offer such expedients for making extra currency as selling Christmas cards and raising worms.

THE NUMEROUS COMIC BOOKS that deal with various aspects of crime contain some of the best and worst material in the field.

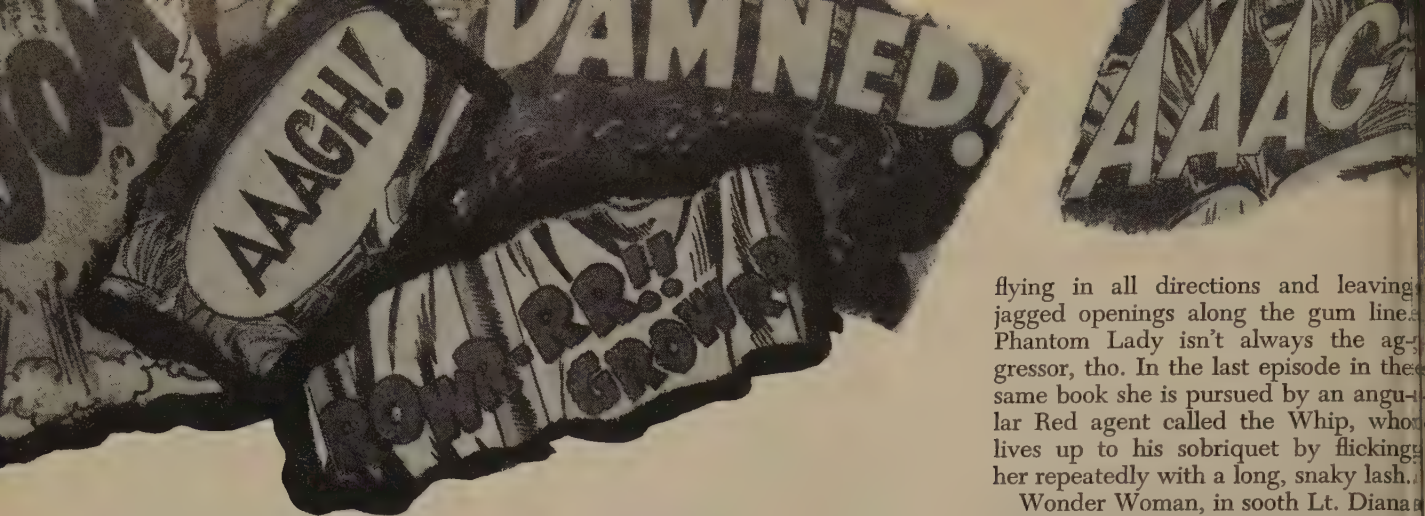
One issue of *Startling Terror Tales* opens with a patently pornographic full-page panel showing a man strangling a blonde who is spread provocatively all over a bed. These scenes follow: A group of gangsters plans a robbery while a girl in strapless gown and black net stockings perches on a table in the foreground. They slug a

rich man viciously, then burn his bare feet with matches to make him open his safe. The girl is slapped across the room when she asks for her share of the loot. A policeman is hit in the mouth with a monkey wrench. The gang leader strangles two girls in quick succession, leaving each stretched voluptuously on the floor. He shoots a third one, then is captured and graphically electrocuted. One semi-nude burlesque dancer strangles another one. A girl is bound hand and foot with strips of leather. A mop handle is broken over a prison guard's head. An old lady is mugged. At least a score of men on both sides of the law are shot down in a prison break.

I'm a Cop is an embarrassingly complete copy of the *Dragnet* method of portraying law enforcement. Stark realism is its specialty, and the cover claims that "Members of the New York city police department helped in the preparation of this book." The question arises as to whether they helped prepare those sections that show cops hanging around saloons and beating up prisoners to get confessions.

Daredevil, tho oriented toward crime, is one of the very few comic





books that might actually be considered constructive. It features a group of boys who help the police in various ways, meanwhile learning such virtues as modesty, teamwork and good will toward men.

REDEEMING FEATURES are harder to find in the various kinds of comics that may be loosely grouped under the heading of adventure.

Soldiers of Fortune, for example, displays on one cover a blond hero of slightly pasty complexion riding a motorcycle swiftly along a mountain ledge. He is steering with his left hand and brandishing in his right a smoking revolver. His work is rendered no easier by the fact that a terrified redhead in an off-the-shoulder blouse is draped across the handlebars clutching at his sideburns with both hands. The cyclist is being closely pursued by a jeep containing four obviously nearsighted and highly scrutable orientals who are pointing guns off the edge of the cliff, straight up in the air, and in various directions other than the proper one for hitting their quarry.

The first soldier of fortune introduced inside the book is Lance Larson, a character straight from a hat ad whose initial line is: "Yep . . . a trip up the Nile seems to be the best way to forget about spies and international plots for a few weeks . . ." Needless to say, it proves to be an extremely poor way to avoid these intrigues, and Lance is soon shooting and being shot at once or twice a page as he lends succor to a Coptic princess bent on preventing some Reds from assuming supervision of the Suez canal.

An even more awesome hero follows, in the person of Captain Crossbones, an English privateer of the Sir Francis Drake stripe, whose ship is anachronistically named Red Rover after a 20th century children's game.

He is, of course, a thorn in the side of the Spaniards. He is also quite a comfort to a lady of the court named

Nancy who falls into the hands of pirates and gets her face slapped, her hair pulled and her arms twisted behind her back, the better to display her pectoral development.

Like many another comic book character, Crossbones has only slightly concealed contempt for the achievements of modern science and engineering. In a hurry to get from the Caribbean to Acapulco, he breaks out some heavy rope and has his hearties drag the ship across the Isthmus of Panama without benefit of canal.

CLOSELY RELATED to the straight adventure comics are those which chronicle the feats of various superior beings who rewrite the lessons of history and science with aplomb.

Superman is in reality Clark Kent, a reporter whose abnormal physical powers enable him to suit the news pretty much to his whim. A man of rather unjournalistic personal habits, he is shown in one volume double dating with a private detective in a soda fountain. Like Hamlet, tho, he has his tragic flaw — two of them, in fact. He can see thru any substance except lead, and he gets butterflies in his stomach in the presence of a mysterious green phosphorescent compound known as kryptonite which leaves ordinary mortals unaffected. The ladies in Superman dress well enough, and their bust measurements are kept within believable limits.

Such is not the case with Phantom Lady, alter ego of Sandra Knight, daughter of a Senator from an unnamed state. While on the job she affects a blue chemise short enough to give her long legs mobility and tight enough to leave no doubt about her formidable architecture. Her magic weapon is a mirror that reflects non-light, blinding her adversaries.

In one adventure she invades a pool room and shows her disapproval of its habits by smashing cue balls into their bridgework. One panel contains a closeup of a mouth with incisors

flying in all directions and leaving jagged openings along the gum line. Phantom Lady isn't always the aggressor, tho. In the last episode in the same book she is pursued by an angular Red agent called the Whip, who lives up to his sobriquet by flicking her repeatedly with a long, snaky lash.

Wonder Woman, in sooth Lt. Diana Prince of the Waves, is reputed to be "beautiful as Aphrodite, wise as Athena, swifter than Mercury and stronger than Hercules." Her language also owes much to Bullfinch, expressions like "merciful Minerva" being her favorite cuss words.

The feats of this "fearless Amazon" surpass those of Superman in scope, tho not in credibility. In one issue she fills the center of the earth with ice from Antarctica in order to stunt the growth of a huge plant flourishing there without photosynthesis.

The rampant feminism that pervades this strip is furthered by a text piece entitled "Women in Sport" which concludes with the false statement that "The modern female athlete asks no quarter, and gives none . . . In tennis, golf, swimming and other sports, the modern woman athlete has proven herself to be the equal of sportsmen everywhere."

Wonder Woman also specializes in the common comic book error of belittling real life accomplishments. One sequence turns back the clock to reveal that her intervention was indispensable to the success of Gutenberg, Columbus and Paul Revere.

FANTASTIC ACTIVITY of a relatively harmless nature is carried in the various comic books that deal with interplanetary high jinks. Among these are *Planet Comics*, *Strange Adventures* and *Tom Corbett, Space Cadet*. The latter is a product of the Dell Publishing Co., a firm which has lately been buying radio time to assure parents that their children won't be warped by reading its numerous comic books. Young Corbett's rocket-borne jaunts are commendably unaberrated, tho his conversation, heavy with space travel jargon, is certainly a bore.

Strange Adventures and *Planet Comics* are equally free of sex and violence, but the latter strip apparently isn't quite comfortable in its pristine state. One of its issues, innocuous on the inside, tempts the young with a lurid cover showing a blonde

clad only in two grapefruit rinds and cellophane panties being carried off by a huge Viking with green flesh.

THE JUNGLE, long a favorite comic strip locale, nurtures a number of sinewy men and fleshy girls who swing from tree to tree in leopard skin lingerie to do battle with wild beasts and wilder humans. Titles include *Jungle Comics*; *Kaanga*, *Jungle King*, and Dell's entry in the field, that grandfather of all vine-swingers, *Tarzan*. Among the latter's adversaries are a troupe of semi-human apes who use rifles and contemptuously refer to people as "hairless ones."

WESTERN COMICS, another sizeable segment of the medium, have all the characteristics of movies about the West that never was except popcorn. The heroes tend to steer clear of the opposite sex, preferring to take their chances with rustlers, Indians with shocking pink skins, quicksands and other uncomplicated pitfalls.

The casts also tend to duplicate those in the films. *Six-Gun Heroes* records the feats of Rocky Lane, Lash LaRue, Tex Ritter and old Tom Mix, who is pretty agile for a cowhand long since claimed by the Ranch House in the Sky. This book carries on the first page a rude seal saying, "Wholesome Entertainment, Approved Reading."

Like the movies, the Western comics have short subjects, half-page features of simple-minded humor starring characters with names like "Cactus Brain" and "Saddle-Head."

TEEN-AGE GIRLS with cactus brains and saddle-heads are the targets of a large group of titles that deal with what is passed off as love or romance. Generally free from the violence associated with many comics, those in this category are perhaps even more dangerous, with their steady flow of slushy sentiment and unreal relationships between the sexes.

Among the books in this group are *Intimate Love*, *Intimate Secrets of Romance*, *Young Brides*, *Confessions of the Lovelorn*, *Teen Age Temptations*, *G.I. War Brides*, *My Own Romance* and *True Brides Experiences*. Along with cliché stories they feature columns of advice on how to dress, behave and attract men, under invariably Anglo-Saxon by-lines such as Martha Hale and Joan Fair. *Teen Age*

Temptations devotes its inside covers to a lonely hearts club for girls and servicemen. Their letters stress that they are on the rebound, lonely or otherwise exquisitely available. The ads in these books address themselves to other adolescent problems. In one issue of *Intimate Love* the back cover tells how to gain weight by taking pills and the inside reveals how to lose it by chewing gum.

These comics, like most of the others, are populated by girls built like those in *Playboy*, but the dialogue is sometimes paradoxically Victorian. Thus a story called "I Tempted the Wrong Boy!" in *Teen Age Temptations* begins with a couple walking past a group of drugstore fops, one of whom looks upon the girl in lust and says, "Woo-woo! Some punkins!" Her escort, no novice in repartee, ripostes, "You fellows had better mind your own business."

Confessions of the Lovelorn is the vehicle of "Faith Clinton, Marriage Counselor," a strip which looks as if it might be drawn by the author of Mary Worth in the *Sun-Times*. Faith, a woman with a man's face, is, if anything, even closer to omniscience than Mary. In one panel she suddenly looks out from the page and says, "Wait a minute . . . I can see that several of you male readers are wearing a self-satisfied smirk."

WITH THE WORD "comic" having become almost meaningless in the comic book field, it is almost surprising to note that there are some publications devoted merely to being funny.

One comic comics group is the teen age type, including strips like *Wendy Parker*, *Linda* and *A Date with Judy*. Harmless high school horseplay is the basic material in these books. *My Friend Irma* is much the same kind of book, altho here, as on television, the heroine is endowed with a balcony like that of the Uptown theater.

The funny comic books for younger children, most of which are published by Dell, include titles like *Little Lulu*, *Looney Tunes*, *New Funnies* and *Casper the Friendly Ghost*.

A very small group of comics, but one with a highly specialized and loyal following, is that devoted to satire. Leaders in this field are *Mad* and *Panic*.

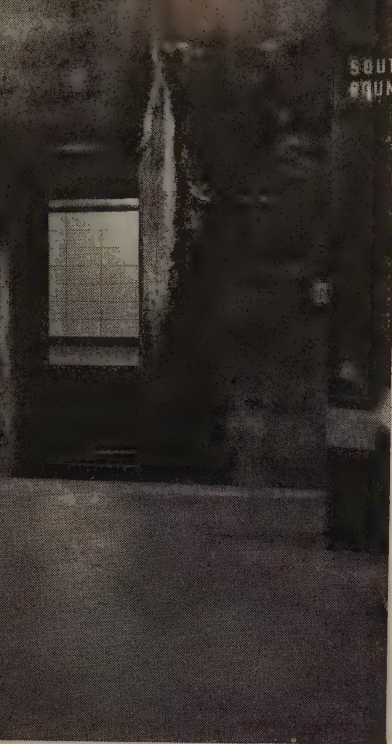
Other comics are the favorite targets of *Mad* and *Panic* lampooning, but movies, books, television shows and newspapers also come in for some digs, as do the firm's own advertisers. Thus one issue of *Panic* has a Charles Atlas ad on the back cover, while inside is a parody called Charles Fatless. The latter version begins in the usual way. The frail protagonist, spending

a day at the beach with his girl, is insulted and finally punched by the muscular villain. The girl sighs and asks why he can't be a real man. The ministrations of Charles Fatless soon make him a mountain of muscle, whereupon he returns to the beach, slugs the girl for having ridiculed him earlier, and goes off to practice weight-lifting with the villain.

Mad and *Panic* keep up a running battle with foes of comic books such as PTA's and newspapers. Recently *Panic* carried a parody of a lurid newspaper luridly criticizing lurid comic books.

The point seemed well taken. During one day while they were running attacks on comic books, the local papers conveyed the following action in their own strips: Smilin' Jack and his enigmatic pal Downwind were engaged in a bloody dagger duel with two Red agents. One of Brenda Starr's many psychotic associates was trying to recall whether or not he had murdered his girl friend. The Wolf Gal in *Li'l Abner* used her talon-like finger nails to gouge Marlon Brando's cheeks. Laury, the swamp nymph in *Abbie and Slats*, discoursed on the necessity of using the whip to bring up girls in her age group. Rex Morgan's nurse, June, was nursing her perennial morbid jealousy. Long Sam, a walking bundle of psychological contradictions, dated a slobbering suitor who later tried to murder one of his rivals. Three maniacal Communist scientists in *Rip Kirby* were preparing to brainwash an infant. Johnny Hazard was trying to find out why a harmless old man with no enemies had been shot in the back. The Cisco Kid shot a rustler. The rustlers in *Hopalong Cassidy* planned similar violence against the troopers. The Lone Ranger and Tonto were looking after a bleeding sheriff. Flash Gordon's seduction by a semi-nude 26th century beauty was interrupted by three gun-toting 26th century malefactors. Plans were being made to drug the Phantom so he'd lose a wrestling match. Big Ben Bolt slugged his opponent in the solar plexus. Archie's football coach was kicked in the stomach by a feeble-minded freshman recruit. Steve Canyon momentarily escaped his kidnappers and burst into a half-dressed girl's bedroom. A kidnapped child had been bound, gagged and stuffed into a trunk in *Kerry Drake*. Dick Tracy was hot on the trail of his latest deformed underworld opponent. Little Orphan Annie was prowling around in an eerie attic. Terry Lee was firing a machine gun at a voluptuous girl spy who had tried to murder his boss.

Otherwise it was a wholesome day in the comic strips.



It's About Time Clean Up the

by A. James Sp

The underground train, the subway, has a certain madness and excitement different from almost anything else in our hectic, over-accelerated cities.

It is the sound and the light and the closure and, above all, the undergroundness. It is, in a way, the epitome of tension and rush and the difficulties of movement, and at the same time it is ease of movement. It is not only an answer to a faster tempo, but in its way a cause, too.

Subways have a special character and even allure, which has less to do

with their richness or poorness than with the qualities of the city they reflect. The odor of the Paris Metro is as much a part of its fascination as its grandeur and incredible intricacy and its high pitched sounds. New York's subway seems gray, filthy gray, big, heavy and thunderous. Its rhythm suggests the scale of its operations, the fantastic blind weight of its rush hour crowds, and the massive structure of Manhattan. Moscow, they say, has a wonderful subway; it is more spacious than any other and more lavish in the most execrable way. Buenos Aires

gives all the advertising space in one car to a single subscriber and keeps its mosaic walls spotless. Boston has an old subway, as do Tokyo, Berlin and many other cities, and earlier than most was Budapest, which hung its cars thru a slot from the street above and ran them just below the pavement. European cities tend to design their tunnels in a flat ellipse which permits earth for trees between the haunches of the tubes and the streets above, and they prefer platforms without columns. In America we have worried less about trees above or



Inselbrücke station, Berlin. A single tube without columns, the whole covered with colored, glazed tiles. Note reserve and consistency of tile panels for advertising. A dignified solution.



Izmailovskaya station, Moscow. This extravaganza suggests a hall of state, and bears no relation to its function as station for an underground railway used by commuters do

asement



columns below, but in some cases have compensatory features.

Every subway in the world has special problems which affect all of its visual aspects. Almost all of them accept the idea of abundant advertising. Illumination is of the utmost importance, as is color. And, in any transportation system, lettering warrants serious attention, too.

The Chicago subway was put into service in 1943. This was in the middle of World War II, and it is remarkable that it could have opened at all in that time of shortages, the more so that it

contained not only the essentials for good operation but many innovations in subway construction as well. The ventilation is superior. It was the first subway to use fluorescent lighting. The track design is unique, with a smoother ride because the heavy rails rest on rubber insets in the tie plates. There are only four curves in the whole system and these scarcely affect maximum train speed. Technically, the Chicago subway is a very good job.

Functionally, the layout of the subway is very good also. Most stations are underground, so there are three

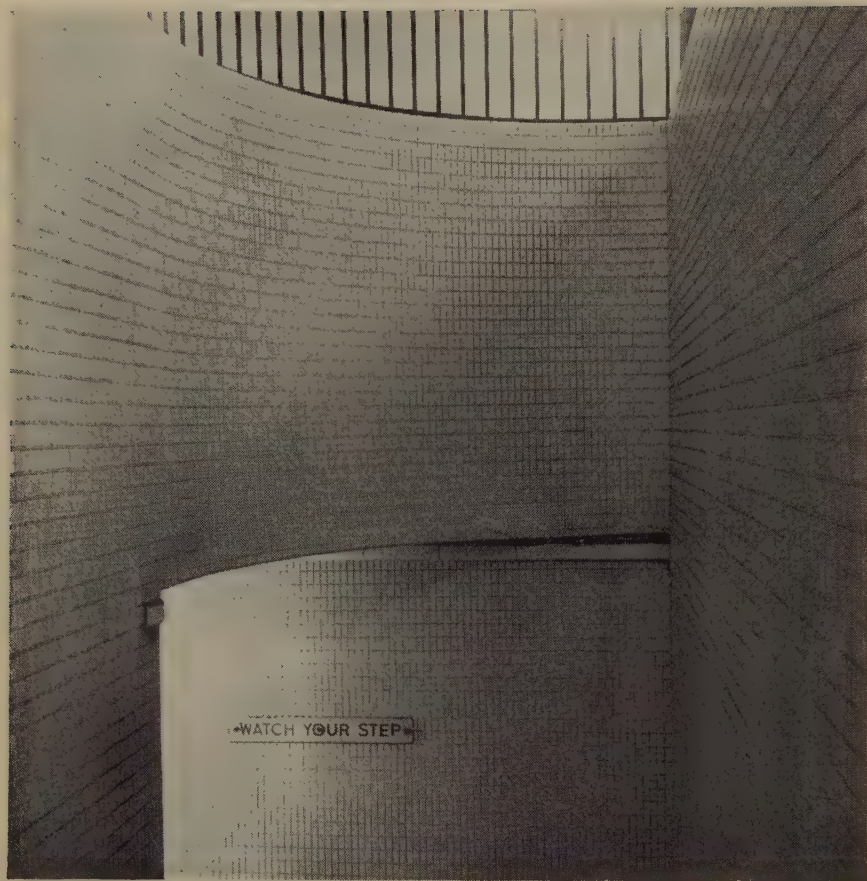
main divisions: the street access, the mezzanine station and the train level. These relationships are well established. Street entrances are found without difficulty, the entry lines easily joined even in rush hours, the movement from station to train simple and effortless, the whole experience making minimum demands of thought or decision. In addition to being planned for efficient circulation, the stations are modest in size and proportion with no conspicuous waste space. Their design is uniform and consistent with the subway's function and place in the



House station, London. The London "Underground" has unusual heed to design, detail and maintenance, but the ceiling with surface fixtures causes disturbing reflections.



Toronto, Canada. Full size model station for Toronto's new subway. This is related in scale and spirit to Chicago stations. A pleasant, practical and direct approach to the problem.



Pattern of a Chicago subway entrance. The cleaned glazed tile reflects the light and gives this functional area a pleasant atmosphere.

city's life. The best effects are gained in the stations which make a consistent use of one main material, such as glazed tile or structural glass, instead of confusing combinations of odd sizes and textures of many materials. The better stations are also the brighter ones, where light wall surfaces reflect and increase the illumination. If they were better maintained, if the painted surfaces were kept up, and if the floors were refurbished to give more life and color, there could be little reason for complaint. This should be reserved for the platforms and tubes below the stations, on the train level.

Almost nothing has been done to make these places pleasant. The effect is drab without relief. The tube walls on each side of the center platform are dirty, stained, dank. The platform, with regularly spaced, heavy steel columns, has no emphasis. The floor has lost its color and texture. The columns are painted a nondescript dark color, a dilution of which is generally used on the ceiling. The lighting is spotty, weak and unattractive. Where benches occur, they appear to

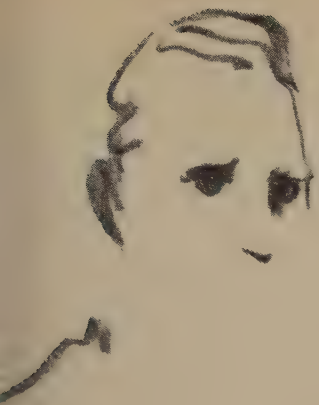
be something left over from the old elevated stations. The maintenance is not bad; but then, there is nothing to maintain. This does not refer to the excellent tile walls which inclose stairways, escalators and services, since these are generally not on the platforms, but beyond or terminating them. The lettering which was originally used is good, but there seems an increasing tendency to add signs with no regard for their design, nor for their relationship to other features. There are also, of course, more and more dispensing machines on the platforms. Since these are invariably more brightly colored than any other objects, their disorderly effect registers immediately.

The Chicago park district has given the city the best possible example of what might be accomplished in the subways. This is its huge and impressive new enterprise, the Grant Park garage, entirely underground, approached from Michigan avenue in the center of the city, and spreading down and under Grant park. The garage is a real pleasure to use: direc-

tions are clear, space is adequate, attendants incredibly courteous, access to the streets never too far away, the prices reasonable. All of this is a great surprise. One is just not used to smooth operations when these involve people in cars, especially in confined spaces.

But much more surprising is the uncommonly attractive atmosphere in which all this takes place. In an underground area with vast rooms, low ceilings, hundreds of supporting columns, thousands of automobiles, there is no trace of the oppressive, the claustrophobic, nor of the cellar. The effect is simple, bright and cheerful. Whether by plan or coincidence of engineering, the heavy mushroom columns are in excellent proportion and, with their brightly painted yellow shafts, make a handsome effect in series. The concrete walls and ceilings were formed with more than usual care, and the pattern of form boards provides the only texture. The ceiling on the top level permits recessed lighting which is certainly more agreeable than the surface lighting on the lower level, but even the surface lights are not annoying, their spacing and intensity well handled. The west wall, next to the pedestrian walks, is a glazed ceramic tile, off-white in the main chamber, and warm beige in adjacent rooms. The over-all color is the light gray of natural concrete. The floor in the main chamber is sealed, which gives more depth and richness, but everywhere there is the cheerful accent of color: vermillion fire boxes; yellow signs, arrows and columns; green doors and access panels, and the sparkling red, blue, green and orange ceiling lights for traffic signals. These are the most economical materials and devices, but they are well combined, and they were well conceived. There is absolutely no reason why the subway platforms and tubes should not be treated in the same way, in the same spirit. One need only ask for the kind of visual satisfaction which comes from good lighting, fresh colors and well articulated space.

The city government, Loop property owners, merchants and businessmen are vastly preoccupied with the problem of keeping their tenants and customers attracted to the city's center. The motorist is being given a large choice of automobile terminals which become increasingly seductive. But there remains a significant number of persons for whom the city terminal is always the subway station. Some of the effort and some of the money invested in other city enhancements could well be directed here.



Christian

a story by

Kenneth Mason

drawings by

Claes Oldenburg



I dreamt about Christian the other night, and if that means he's still on my mind, I ought to be ashamed of myself. After all, it's been over six years now.

Christian was the janitor of a Chicago apartment building my wife and I lived in the first year of our marriage. Actually, he was more than a janitor. His official title was "Engineer of the Building," and I know, from having seen him in action, that he was a skilled electrician, plumber and carpenter. I don't mean he was a good handy man; I mean he was really an expert in all of those fields, and I never doubted he could have made a fine living for himself and his family at any one of those trades. In fact, I often wondered why he didn't. Because despite the title "engineer," Christian spent the greater part of his days sweeping hallways, emptying garbage pails, mopping the lobby floor, washing windows, sweeping the sidewalk, or, in the summertime, watering the little plot of grass in front of the building. From the look of the man, it was not the sort of work you

would expect him to do.

I mean no snobbery about janitors. I agree that it is not what a man does, but how he does it, that counts. And Christian did his job beautifully. He kept our eight-story building sparklingly clean. But the fact remains that there is a scale of values, out of the reach of snobbery or fashion, on which the work of a master plumber or carpenter undeniably rates higher than that of a janitor or cleaning man. There is no question that some jobs ask more of a man, and give more, regardless of prestige or money, than others. If a man had the capacity and training to be, let us say, a professor, but chose instead to be a garbage collector, one would be forced to judge that this man was doing work beneath him, a judgment that is no reflection on garbage collectors as a group. This was what I felt about Christian from the very first: that being a janitor was beneath him.

I first met Christian a few days before we moved into the building, while we were bringing over some personal belongings from our old

apartment, which was just two blocks away on the same street.

I remember how immediately I was struck by his appearance. He was a young man — probably in his early thirties, like myself — strong, beautifully built, and with very blond hair and cold blue eyes. I say cold for his eyes not to imply anything about his personality, but simply because they *were* cold, in the sense that winter is cold. His eyes were remarkable, like a winter sky in Scandinavia. Christian was, in fact, a prototype of Scandinavian handsomeness. With his blond hair, his blue eyes, his strong mouth, his freshly-laundered white shirt open at the collar, his clean hands and fine arms, he gave as remarkable an impression of total physical wholesomeness as I have ever seen.

But why do I go on like this, evading the issue? I am not thinking about Christian now and I didn't dream about him the other night, after six years, simply because he was unusually handsome for a janitor. The reason I remember him so well today is that he was the central figure in a

most peculiar episode. And also I think he stole about a thousand dollars in merchandise from us before we even moved into his building.

It was an ideal situation for a burglary. For three days my wife and I had spent every evening carrying various articles such as phonograph records, small tables, kitchen equipment, boxes and lamps from the old apartment to the new one. Any prospective thief who observed us would know that altho we were still living in the old apartment, the new one must, after all the trips we had made, contain a great deal of valuable merchandise. Our new building was quite easily entered. There was no doorman, and the front door inside the lobby worked on a buzzer system. All anyone had to do to get in without a key was ring some apartment from the lobby, pretend to be a Western Union messenger, and wait for the buzzer to release the door. Finding our apartment would be no trouble. The slip of paper with the name J. L. Cunningham written on it, inserted temporarily in the name place on our mail box, revealed instantly who were the new tenants and what was their apartment number. Even without this it would have been easy. Ours was a small neighborhood, really a neighborhood within a neighborhood, on Dearborn street. We were known by name at the grocery store, the drugstore, the cleaners and various other establishments. Anyone who worked at any of these places could have known we were moving. Indeed, the only real difficulty in the whole operation, aside from the routine problem of not being seen leaving the building with the merchandise, was opening the door to the apartment itself, which had a Yale lock. Even that, I suppose, is routine for an experienced burglar.

IN ANY CASE, it was clear to me at once that there was no particular reason to suspect Christian of stealing our things just because he had a key to all the apartments in the building. It was the man's manner, the man's tone, the man's facial expressions — combined, I admit, with a hopeless sense of frustration and depression that made me want to lash out at someone, anyone — that led me irresistably to the point where not only did I suspect him, I was *sure*, deep in my heart, that he had done it.

I have often wondered why the burglary affected me so deeply. It was not as tho we had been wiped out. What was stolen was simply a new portable sewing machine, a sheared beaver coat, six bottles of twelve-year-old Scotch whisky, an overcoat and two suits. The total value was about

one thousand dollars, hardly a world-shaking amount of money in these times, and part of it I would make up by declaring it on my income tax. I don't mean we were so rich the loss meant nothing to us. But it was certainly not going to change our lives in any material way.

This, in effect, is what I said to my wife, as I watched her weep the first tears of our marriage. I said, "Now listen, I'm just as sorry about this as you are, but believe me, it's not worth crying over. You should be thankful we weren't here when it happened. We might *really* have had something to cry over. Somebody might have been shot, or hurt, or heaven knows what."

"But my coat," she sobbed, "and my sewing machine."

"You haven't lost a coat or a sewing machine," I said. "I can replace them for you tomorrow if you want. All we've lost is a thousand-dollar bill. That's sad, I admit, but it's not as tho it's anything really important, anything intrinsic. It can be replaced, that's the important thing. Nobody can hurt you by stealing something replaceable from you unless you *let* them hurt you by carrying on about it."

My words had no effect on her, of course. They had no effect on me, either. I was horribly depressed. In fact, I was shaken, as tho a friend had died, or I had lost my job under ugly circumstances, or war had been declared and I was going to have to go thru *that* again. My feelings were all out of proportion to the incident's significance. We had been robbed, that was all. I felt we had been murdered.

Looking back now over the years, I think I understand why this simple burglary hit us so hard. For one thing, we had been married only a few months. We were still, really, in the honeymoon stage of our relationship. And altho it was my third marriage, and my wife's second, we were both feeling and acting like two kids in their teens to whom true love had finally come. Our honeymoon had been idyllic. We took the whole month of May and went to a little lodge I knew about in Minnesota. May is early for Minnesota, and spring is different there from other places: it has to fight for its life. We had a cottage by the lake, and we were the only guests at the lodge. On warm days we fished, the whole lake to ourselves. On cold days we sat by a fire and read or talked. It was a wonderful month for both of us. It was, I think, the happiest time either of us had ever spent.

And when we came back and found we had fallen heir to this perfectly charming apartment, despite the critical shortage of apartments, and without even paying some outrageous bonus to get it, it seemed life couldn't be more perfect, that everything was going our way.

Seen against this sort of psychological background, it is not surprising that the burglary affected us as it did. Because when we walked into our new apartment on Sunday morning, carrying still more odds and ends of our possessions, and saw the little antique chair turned on end, and looked at each other and remarked wasn't that peculiar, and then suddenly looked harder at each other, with "a wild surmise," I suppose, and then



began looking around the rest of the apartment, and finally in the big living room closet we were so proud of, and saw at once the gaping space where the coats and suits had been, and then saw that the sewing machine was gone too, and the Scotch — well, what it was for us, coming so soon after that perfect month in Minnesota, was the first breaking of the spell, the first cruel reminder that honeymoons can not last forever, that there is, after all, always the world to contend with.

But there was more to it than our newly-weddedness. It is a truism that one loses touch with the world living in a big city. One takes the same bus to the same office every morning, one walks the same two blocks from the bus to home every night, one shops at the same stores, sees the same people, does the same things month after month — one lives in a city infamous thruout the world for crime and vice, and yet treads a narrower path than if he lived in some tiny village in Montana or North Dakota. One lives on Dearborn street in Chicago, just two blocks away from Lake Shore drive, and in the shadows of those slender towers, in the deep grass of the parks, or in the brightness of the silver lake, one forgets that just a single block to the west lies Clark street, slums, skid row.

THE BURGLARY reminded us. It trembled the earth underneath us ever so slightly, and made us aware, as if for the first time, how thin was the layer of life on which we lived, and how slender the stilts that supported it just a bare city block above a whole other world of violence, honky-tonks, drunks, prostitutes, mobsters, thugs and, of course, burglars.

I never felt the presence of this world of violence we lived so close to more strongly than the afternoon of the day we discovered our loss, when my wife and I walked over to a drug store on Clark street to make some purchases. On the corner in front of the store stood three young men — perhaps 19 or 20 years old — whom I can characterize only as rowdies, judging, that is, by their slovenly clothes, their loafer's posture, their vacant and crude facial expressions. They seemed to be watching us as we approached them, and just at the moment we passed by them all three broke into a loud, sneering laughter. Suddenly my whole body stiffened, and the thought flashed thru my brain that they were the ones who had robbed us, that these very boys, standing there on the corner and laughing at us, were the ones who had been in our apartment last night, and that that was why they were laughing: because it seemed so

funny to them that they should know us so well, while we knew nothing about them at all.

I fairly writhed with frustration as I walked into the store, thinking how utterly helpless I was in the face of that inane, knowing laughter. God, I thought, wouldn't it have been wonderful to catch them in the act! And with that thought as a starter, I treated myself to a standing reverie unsurpassed of its kind, I think, for sheer viciousness and brutality, in which I came into our apartment for some reason or other on Saturday night, and found them there, those three young hoodlums, crouching in the darkness in our closet, and, armed with a golf club I happened to be carrying with me, went after them, flailing to the right and left, and heard something crunch as I hit the first one, and then knocked the second one out clean with a blow on the head, and then wrestled with the third one until I had thrown him down, and when he tried to get up kicked him one in the stomach, whereupon he pleaded for mercy, saying something like "For God's sake, man, don't kill me, just call the police, I give up," to which I answered, "Yeah, fine, just call the police, that's fine for you. Maybe you'll get off on probation, or maybe you'll do six months in some nice reformatory with your pals, and when you get out you'll be feeling fine and you can brag to all your pals on Clark street what a tough guy you are. Sure, call the police, that's fine for you. It's easy to be tough when you never get hurt. But maybe if you got your teeth smashed in every time you robbed somebody you'd have more respect for other people's property and other people's rights," and so on and so forth, indignation boiling higher and higher, until all at once my wife was saying something to me, and she and the clerk were both looking at me for an answer to something, and suddenly there I was, a quiet, civilized gentleman of the upper middle class, teeth clenched and sweating like a wrestler, locked with three hoodlums in a mortal combat that would have made my wife scream with terror if she could have read my mind.

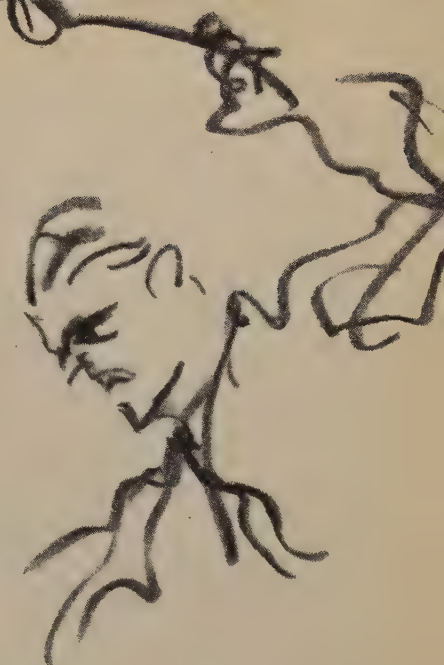
When I came to my senses and specified a brand of shaving cream or whatever it was, I was ashamed and exhausted by the amount of violence I had so unexpectedly uncovered in myself. But when we left the store and I saw that the three boys were no longer there, I was disappointed. After the little reverie I had had, I felt that I could face them now, laughter and all.

We discovered the burglary Sunday morning, and after we had gone thru

the first stages of shock, depression, tears and, finally, resignation, we called Christian on the special phone that connected each tenant with his basement apartment. He came upstairs immediately.

I have always felt sorry for persons like janitors, housemaids, butlers or servants of any kind who have access to other persons' possessions; they are so often the victims of what goes on in somebody else's mind. If your wife, for instance, suddenly cannot find a piece of jewelry she may not have worn for years, the idea that perhaps the maid stole it cannot be denied entry into her brain. Perhaps she says nothing about it, and later finds the missing jewels. The fact remains that for a period of time, however short, the maid joined hands with guilt, and even if she never knows this, she is the less for it.

I REMEMBER SOMETHING that happened to me once in high school. They needed an extra clerk at the school canteen, which sold ice cream, candy and gum to the students, and I volunteered for the job. At the end of my first month it was discovered that the canteen had made about 20 dollars less than the normal profit. The store had no cash register to record each sale; change was made from a cash box, and any dishonest person working there could pocket money for himself without anyone's knowing. But it had never happened before the month I worked there, and it was natural for the student in charge of the canteen to call me in and ask me if I knew anything about it. Now the reason I have never forgotten that moment is that altho I was completely innocent of taking a single penny from that store, the thought that went screaming thru my brain was: cover up, act



natural, act surprised, feign concern, put on a show of some kind, any kind, that will make this person think you are innocent. The fact that I *was* innocent had nothing to do with it. Guilt was the tune, and that was how I danced.

I never forgot that incident, and as a result I have always been wary — warier than most people, I think — of suspecting anyone of anything. And yet, when Christian came into our apartment that Sunday morning in answer to our summons, I was so depressed by what had happened, so helplessly furious at this intrusion of ugliness into our lives, that the thought began stirring in my brain almost the moment he entered the door. There was something about his calm, open face, something about the way he talked, the way he moved, that gave me the feeling he had been waiting for this, that he had actually practiced the whole thing, that we were engaged in some sort of theatrical play in which I knew none of the lines but in which Christian knew them all.

"Is something the matter?" Christian said when we opened the door for him.

"We've been robbed," my wife said.

"Oh, no!" Christian exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"We're sure," I said.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

My wife told him how we had been moving things over on Saturday night, and then had come in Sunday morning to discover the burglary. Christian listened attentively.

"I see," he said. "Was the door locked?"

This struck me as a peculiar question to ask, since the door was the kind that locks automatically when closed. I pointed this out to Christian.

"I mean," he said, "was the door *double-locked*?"

This is where they always get you, I thought furiously. How can you be *sure* you double-locked the door? Maybe it's second nature for you to double-lock the door; maybe you've done it by instinct for 20 years. Still, when it comes to one specific time that you're asked about, how can you be sure that *that one time* you didn't forget? Besides, I thought, a question like that is just a dodge, a stall. They don't care what you say. They ask a question like that simply to cast a doubt in *your* mind. And it never fails.

"What difference does it make if the door was double-locked?" I said. "If somebody could get in with the door single-locked, I should think they could get in with it double-locked."

"No, you have to have a key to get in if it's double-locked," Christian said. "Otherwise you can get in with

a pen-knife." He went over to the door and opened it and bent down to look at the woodwork around the lock. "No," he said, "there are no marks. Whoever got in used a key."

It was here that I was almost overpowered by the sensation that this man was acting, that he had committed the burglary and was now just toying with us. It made me think suddenly of those old Charlie Chan pictures, where the murderer always gave himself away in the last scene by saying something about the killing that gave Charlie the proof he wanted. "But I couldn't have killed him," the suspect says, "I haven't the faintest idea how to use a poison-dart blow gun." Whereupon Charlie says, "Correction please. Victim killed by unknown weapon. Only you know victim killed by poison dart. Therefore you murderer." As I watched Christian studying the woodwork around the lock for those mysterious pen-knife marks, the ludicrous thought popped into my head of fixing him with an oriental gaze and saying in that wonderful Chinese singsong, "Correction please. Murderer open door with key. You have key. Therefore you murderer."

Christian rubbed his finger over the woodwork around the lock with an air of finality, straightened up and said, "You know, Mr. Cunningham, this apartment was robbed once before. Under the same circumstances. The people were bringing their things over before they moved in, and one night somebody got in and took away as much as they could carry."

For the second time that morning I looked at my wife with a wild surmise, and the thought burned in my head: why didn't he tell us, then, why didn't he warn us when he saw us making the same mistake? I was on the point of asking him just that, but something held me back. After all, what could he say? But I did ask him this: "Did they get in, that other time, with a key, too?"

"It was just the same as this," he said. "I think somebody has a key."

"The thing to do, then, is to change the lock," I said.

"Yes," he said, after a moment's consideration, "I think that would be best."

AFTER CHRISTIAN LEFT we called the police. Not that we expected anything from them, but just to get the burglary in the record. They came after a while, looked around, asked some questions, said something about inside jobs and outside jobs, had a cup of coffee and left.

On Tuesday the movers moved us into the apartment officially, and on

Wednesday my wife went out and bought the new lock for the door and Christian installed it. He had just finished putting it in when I came home from work. I thanked him and gave him two dollars. He protested about taking the money, said no, really, I didn't need to give him anything, but he took it. My wife and I were both standing at the door with him when this took place, and we both said good night and thanks to him and I was about to close the door behind him when I became aware that he was hesitating about something, that he had something else to say or do and didn't quite know how to go about it. So I held the door open and waited, and he looked at me with a shy, ashamed sort of smile, and said, "Mr. Cunningham, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you for one of the keys to the new lock. I have to have one. It's the rules of the building."

It was like a joke, a stupendous joke, with me as the butt end. Of *course* he had to have a key — he was the *janitor*. And *he* had known this all along, not just today when he was putting the lock in, but the day of the burglary when he had agreed with my suggestion that we change the lock. It was definitely a joke — not that I think he planned it that way, but just the way it came out — but the swift turning of the end of it was too fast for me, and I gasped instead of laughing, and when I gasped Christian raised his eyes and could not fail to see, exposed mercilessly in the tightened muscles of my face, exactly what I had been thinking about him ever since he first walked into our apartment three days before.

I recovered, of course, almost instantly, but the gasp, the tightened muscles, and that momentary expression of complete dismay all had gone into the record. "Of course," I said, "how silly of me to forget. Here is the key." And I took a key off the little metal circle that had come with the new lock and gave it to him.

"Thank you," Christian said. He turned to go, and again I was on the point of closing the door after him, when, with a dramatic and meaningful gesture, he turned again and stood in the doorway.

"You know, Mrs. Cunningham," he said, and it was not until he said "Mrs." that I realized he was looking at my wife, not just avoiding my eyes. "You know," he said, "I have no use for a fur coat, and my wife already has a sewing machine."

"Oh, Christian!" my wife exclaimed in horror. "Of course not. Why, we didn't think for a minute—you mustn't think — oh, of *course* not."

"Well," he said, "thank you. Good



night, Mr. Cunningham."

"Good night," I said and closed the door behind him.

"Oh dear," my wife said, "isn't that a shame? He shouldn't think anything like that. It never occurred to me that he could have robbed us. Poor man."

"Don't be upset," I said, "he understands."

"I know, but what a shame for him to think — oh, poor man."

"Yes, poor man," I said. But I was thinking: I have no use for a fur coat, and my wife already has a sewing machine. The phrase kept going around in my head, and it seemed wrong to me somehow. It didn't make sense, when you thought about it. In the first place, I have no use for a fur coat was a silly thing to say. You don't have to need a thing to steal it, and if he didn't need it, maybe his wife did. And you could always sell the sewing machine. Sell the coat too, for that matter. And what about the suits? Didn't he need suits either? Or the liquor? I have no use for a fur coat, and my wife already has a sewing machine. It was a peculiar thing to say. *Correction please*, I began to think with a smile, *wife needs fur coat, you sell sewing machine, therefore you murderer*.

PERHAPS THE BURGLARY, and the episodes with Christian that I have already described, were enough in themselves to make me dream about him again after six years. But the burglary itself, whatever part it may have played in the beginning of my relationship with Christian, was only accidental to what happened afterward. For myself, I put the burglary out of my mind within a week after it happened. I was still depressed, of course, but my depression centered on

the intrusion of the outside world into my private life more than on the burglary itself, which quickly became merely something that had occurred, something I had thought about for a while and then let fade from my consciousness.

But it had not faded from Christian's consciousness. Whenever I saw him, as I did from time to time in the lobby, or in a hallway, or in the laundry room, I became instantly aware of an atmosphere of strain and avoidance. One spring afternoon he was on the sidewalk watering the little patch of grass in front of the building as I arrived home. I felt sure he had seen me, but as I came near him he very deliberately turned the hose in the other direction, so that his back was to me and the water was splashing on the sidewalk where I had to pass. I waited a moment, and then skipped across the wet place, managing to avoid all but a few drops of water. Then I turned around and waved a greeting to him, but he still avoided looking at me. So I said, "Hi, Christian."

He looked at me then, of course, and said, very courteously, "Good afternoon, Mr. Cunningham."

"I guess this makes spring official," I said, pointing at the hose and the grass.

He made no answer to this, only a short nod of his head, and I turned and walked toward the building. I could feel his eyes on me all the way up the walk.

I soon saw that this was to be the pattern of every meeting I had with Christian: averted eyes, a pretense of not seeing me, a rejection of any normal, pleasant, everyday friendliness that I tried to get across to him. Of course, it could have been that this was just his way with everyone. I had never, I had to admit, seen him chatting amiably with anyone else in the building either. He was unquestionably an aloof and reserved person. But still I knew that there was something personal, for me alone, in his attitude whenever our paths crossed, and of course I knew the reason: he felt that I had accused him unjustly of burglarizing our apartment. And yet, that was unfair. I hadn't really accused him, ever. The most I had done was to gasp inadvertently when he surprised me with the request for a key to the new lock. And after that I had gone out of my way to be friendly, to show him I didn't really suspect him at all. It seemed to me that he could have forgotten the incident. The time that I had been suspected of taking money from my high school canteen, I did not hate the boy who accused me. I could understand per-

fectly well that I looked suspicious. And when, later, this boy showed me by his manner that he had forgotten the incident, it did not occur to me to bear a grudge against him.

But despite my efforts to regain a friendly relationship with Christian — because it was damned unpleasant, living in a small building like that, to know that whenever you crossed the lobby or walked down a hall and met Christian you would be reminded of his personal dislike — his attitude toward me seemed to grow worse instead of better. Sometimes he was positively sinister. Not in any particular thing he did or said, but in the effect he created. I remember especially a night shortly before Christmas, when I had stayed downtown for an advertising club banquet and did not get home until almost midnight. When I came into the lobby the first thing that struck my eye was a gigantic Christmas tree that had been put up since I left for work that morning. I stopped for a moment to admire it, and was just about to put my key in the lock to go upstairs when I heard a sound. Looking up at the tree, I saw Christian. He had been decorating the tree from the top of a ladder which was against the wall behind the tree, and he had been watching me without saying a word, all the time I had been standing there. We stood motionless, the two of us, looking at each other, I with my heart pounding from a kind of fright I had had seeing his face up there at the top of the tree so suddenly, he calm, impassive, offering not even the trace of that faint smile he usually gave me. I wanted to say something to break the evil spell I felt was on us, but all I could think of was something like, "Well, looks like Christmas is really here," just as once before I had said something about spring really being here, and I could not bring myself to say it. All I could do was hold his gaze for a moment, just long enough to keep him from thinking I was afraid of him. Then I put my key in the lock and opened the door and went inside.

The fact was, tho, and I knew it, I was afraid of Christian that night. Nothing had happened, nothing had been said. Certainly there was no threat of any kind. And yet, in that long instant while we stared at each other, something was communicated. Something he wanted to say to me — had wanted to say for a long time, I felt — got said. And strangely, it had nothing to do with the burglary. It had nothing to do with my having suspected him. It had to do with the two of us as people, as what we were long before the burglary and what we would be long after it. It was some-

thing like this: "Yes, here I am like a monkey, decorating this stupid Christmas tree. And there you are, all dressed up, rich, fancy, smug. Well, don't be too smug. It won't always be like this. Someday I'll come down from these ladders and we'll stand face to face, you and I, man to man. Then we'll see."

This was all in my mind, of course. But as I got into the elevator and pushed the button for my floor I felt certain it was not something that had come *from* my mind, but something that had been projected *into* it, literally, by the sheer force of Christian's gaze. It made me think, a few minutes later as I was undressing for bed, of an incident that had happened during the war, something I had not thought of for years. It was during the early days of the fighting in Normandy, and I was in a jeep at the head of a column, and we went around a corner, and there, suddenly, no more than 50 yards away and headed straight for us, was a whole column of motorized German infantry. I slammed on the brakes, and for a moment nobody moved. The Germans stared at us, and we stared at them, exactly as Christian and I had stared at each other in the lobby. Not a shot was fired, not even the threat of a shot. Just enemy staring at enemy. Then I got my wits back, swerved the jeep into a ditch and disappeared into a hedgerow. Then shots were fired, millions of them, and when it was over most of the Germans had been captured. Later that day I saw them, prisoners now, being driven away in their trucks. I looked at them, and they looked at me, and I was surprised how little the situation had changed since our earlier meeting. It was still enemy staring at enemy, and the only difference now that they were prisoners was that there was something new in their faces: a kind of contempt and a sinister kind of assurance, as tho they were saying to me, "Don't be too smug. This is all part of the game. We're prisoners and you're not, but some day it will all be just the other way around."

As I got into bed that night I found myself thinking for the second time since we had moved into that building how thin was the layer of life on which we lived, and how slender the stilts which supported it.

TWO YEARS AFTER we had moved into Christian's building, the company for which I worked transferred me to their New York office, and we moved out. One night shortly before we were to go, one of the tenants, an elderly man we had known slightly, came to our door and told us that Christian had

arranged to take six weeks off in the coming summer in order to take his wife and child on a visit to his native Scandinavia, and that he (this elderly tenant) and his wife had taken it upon themselves to see if a little collection couldn't be gotten up for Christian. He and his wife felt, he said, that it would be such a nice thing to do, and everybody was so fond of Christian, and he didn't know of anyone in the building, he said, who didn't agree that Christian was the best janitor, bar none, that any of them had ever had. He was not actually collecting money, he said. He just wanted all the tenants to know about Christian's proposed trip so that if they felt like giving him something they could.

We thanked him for this information and told him that tho we were moving out in a few days, we would certainly want to join the others in giving Christian a going-away gift.

On the morning of the day we moved I put a ten-dollar bill in an envelope, sealed it, and wrote Christian's name and "Bon Voyage from Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham" on the outside. It was my intention to slip it under Christian's door just before we left. But somehow or other I forgot about it in all the hurry and confusion of moving, and I would probably have had to mail the envelope to him from New York if it had not just happened that as we were crossing the lobby on our way out of the building for the last time I noticed that the door leading off the lobby to the basement was open and that Christian was standing at the top of the basement stairs, barely visible in the shadow.

I stopped and went over to him. "I was looking for you," I said. "I wanted to say good-by and thanks for all the work you've done the past two years."

He smiled at me from where he was standing, two steps down, but did not move his position. "Yes," he said. "We're sorry to see you go, Mr. Cunningham. You've been one of our nicest tenants."

"Thank you," I said. "I understand you're taking a trip this summer."

He brightened at this, and came up out of the shadow and onto the landing. "Yes. I didn't know that you knew."

"We heard about it," I said. "I hope you have a nice time. I envy you, being able to go off to Europe like that."

"It's something I've wanted to do for a long time," he said. "We've saved for it for a long time."

"Well, I hope you have a fine time," I said. "You've certainly deserved it. We'd like you to have a little going-away present from us." At which

point, for reasons I do not understand, I reached for my wallet, instead of the prepared envelope I had in my coat pocket, and took out a twenty-dollar bill and put it in Christian's hand. He did not look at the bill to see what it was, but held it rather tentatively in his outstretched hand.

"You don't need to give me money, Mr. Cunningham."

"Nonsense," I said. "We'd like you to have it. Good luck on your trip."

"Good luck to you, too," he said and, putting the bill in his pocket, he extended his hand for me to shake. I took it, and we shook, and just as I let go I felt him give the back of my hand a little squeeze with his thumb and forefinger. It was done with such a light, really barely perceptible pressure that I might not have noticed it if it had been someone else. But as I rejoined my wife and we walked out of the door, I could still feel the print on my hand where his thumb and forefinger had squeezed it, and I knew that it had a meaning. What the meaning could have been I can only guess. Was it, as I rather suspect, simply a repetition of what had happened the night of the Christmas tree, an acknowledgment that there was something between us, that we were enemies by blood and always would be? Or was it meant to say, "It's all over, let's let bygones be bygones, we can be friends now?"

IT WAS SOME four or five months later, in the fall, that I received in New York a manila envelope, postmarked Chicago but with no return address, which contained a copy of a newspaper called *The Dearborn News*. *The Dearborn News* is a neighborhood "shopping news" type of paper, published once a week and distributed free of charge to all the homes and apartments in a 25 block area of which Dearborn street is the center. Its contents are almost entirely shopping and building news and advertisements, but it also reports neighborhood social activities, church affairs and so forth, which may interest the average housewife.

I opened the paper idly, wondering who could have sent it, and leafed thru it. On the top of page four I found the item that was obviously meant for me, marked, in case I should miss it, by an arrow drawn in pencil from the top of the page to a photograph. The photograph was of Christian and his wife and daughter, standing by the railing of an ocean liner. I hurriedly read the caption and story, which stated that Christian was now back on the job as engineer of our old building, and that this was a picture taken during his trip to Swe-

den the past summer. I say I read the article hurriedly, because what was catching my eye with a terrible insistence was that arrow drawn in pencil across the top of the page. It was not just pointing at the picture. It was pointing, with a little curve at the end which made its intention unmistakable, to Christian's wife, who was wearing a sheared beaver coat exactly like the one my wife had owned before it was stolen. I don't say it *was* my wife's coat. The picture was too poorly reproduced for that, and I shouldn't have been able to tell from a picture in any case. But the thing is this: I should never have noticed that Christian's wife was even *wearing* a coat, if it had not been for that arrow. Really, it was a magnificently drawn arrow.

ALL THAT WAS six, almost seven years ago. Considering how long a time that is, I think it is remarkable how exactly my dream the other night caught the precise flavor of my relationship with Christian. I found myself, in this dream, in the office of one of our biggest clients. It was an important meeting, apparently, because I was nervous about the report I was giving this man on some phase of his business. As I was talking to him, the door to his office suddenly opened and Christian walked in, dressed, as I had often seen him, in dark blue pants and a white shirt open at the collar, and carrying a pail of water and one of those large brushes window-washers use. He came into the room silently, and silently walked over to the window and stood there. I stared at him for a moment, astonished that he should be here in New York, here in this building. Had he quit his job in our old building in Chicago? Did his being here have anything to do with me?

Then, in my dream, my client said, "Oh, excuse me, I don't think you've met Mr. Jackson, our divisional sales manager."

I stood up and said, "I believe we've met," and nodded to Christian, who nodded his head back at me.

Then I sat down and picked up my report where I had left off, vaguely sensing that old need to cover up, act natural, feign innocence — but about what? About the high school canteen? The money that was missing from the high school canteen? *The money I stole from the high school canteen?* — and wondering how Christian had become Mr. Jackson and why he should be standing there watching me, holding that pail of dirty water in his hands.

Tempest and Music

(a radical Tory song)

I

Solidity rushes on.
You move in a moving maze.
Vertigo — praise it — alone
Stays. Cling to it tight.
Man's an intenseness of clay;
Shall he wait to be snuffed, shall he run?
"Run!" your windows invite;
"Express, expand while you may."
Man is a skidding of light
Bogging in clouds, a daze
Of longings and fruits, a stone
Thrown by a thrower unknown.
Praise elation of flight.

II

Solidity rushes on—
Brittle ghost at play—
Onto the window bars.
"Stand, wait!" they invite;
"Compress to the core while you may."
Center and farthest sun,
Thrower and throw are one;
Pattern stays.
Alternate heart-beat of light
Grooms and dishevels stars.
Rest in that heart. Praise
Repose of flight.

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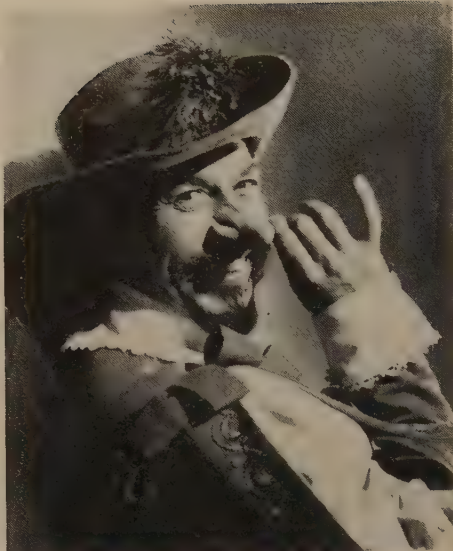
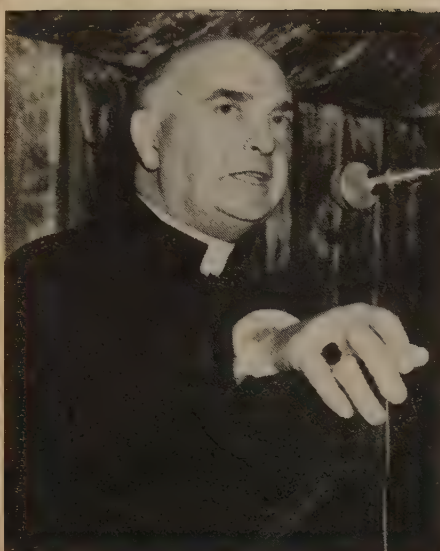
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by David Anderson
and Carl Larsen

Telling people off on television pays \$75,000 a year to Tom Duggan, a retired sportscaster who has a fish-wife's tongue set in the face of a grayish-haired cherub.

Thanks to these endowments he has built up a public that reacts to him about as it does to Senator Joseph McCarthy, his political hero. People either get apoplectic about Duggan or give him that slavish devotion Brooklyn lavishes on its ball team. Duggan's in-betweeners — if there are any — just don't see much television.

His fans explain Duggan as a televised mixture of bull in a china shop, Don Quixote, Peck's Bad Boy and Alice in the Wonderland of sports. They may be right, but that's not the entire explanation. The characters his fans compare him with never tilted, on television at least, with a Roman Catholic bishop, or lashed out at organized charities, or said exactly what they pleased about powerful newspaper gossip columnists, or swung haymakers against the sacrosanct big business of boxing, baseball and football.

Duggan has done all these things. And he continues to televise both his spleen and sweetness on two daily shows, both heavily sponsored by advertisers. As for his \$75,000, Duggan says, "That's as much as the President of the United States makes — but he's worth it."

There are thousands of the Duggan faithful who believe he is one of the few men in television with enough guts to say what he pleases. But his numerous critics scoff at the talking-as-he-pleases technique as being a studied formula to boost his Nielsen rating. It's the same kind of stunt, they say, that some columnists pull



cope of Duggan's antagonisms ranges generously from the church heirarchy to the underworld. Bishop Bernard Sheil (top, left) irritated Duggan, who is himself a Catholic, by taking part in the recent Freedom Festival which featured (top, right) Jose Ferrer and (second row, left) Edward G. Robinson, actors accused of having participated in leftist activities. Ralph Kiner, the ex-Cub (second row, center), didn't hit enough home-runs to justify his salary, according to Duggan, who earns a bigger one. Mayor Kennelly (second row, right) and Police Commissioner O'Connor (bottom, left), are heckled as "Marvelous Martin" and "Timorous Timothy." But Enemy No. 1 is Jim Norris (bottom, center), multi-millionaire head of International Boxing Club.

Duggan -

Crusader or Creep?

When they write a piece against mothers or dogs or come out in favor of lynching. The next day's mailbags overflow with indignation and the publishers translate this to mean reader interest.

The Duggan format is simple enough. At night he conducts a commentary that focuses on sports but often wanders into other fields — poodle aircuts for women, his father's plumbing business, the latest blast at Duggan by a newspaper columnist, or the Duggan ulcer (which he soothes with gallons of milk, altho he has no dairy sponsors). The Duggan program is one the vice-presidents in the American Broadcasting Co. front office don't dare miss.

His curly gray-flecked black hair is in place as he sits down next to a pretty girl at a desk in front of the cameras. He flashes the Duggan smile. The girl, a different one every month, answers phone calls from his home audience. There is no script, except for the commercials, which Duggan often fumbles, sometimes not deliberately. Duggan begins his discourse on fights, baseball or some other target, and the switchboard starts lighting up.

He may toss off some advice to P.K. Wrigley to come out from behind a pack of Juicy Fruit and take a look at the sandlot antics of the big-league ball team he owns.

Not long ago Duggan read over the air a denunciation of himself by a columnist in an Indiana paper. Few of his audience knew the columnist, or had read the piece, or cared very much. But Duggan managed to make something important of it. The columnist, it seemed, had bought a new TV set and the first horror to befall

him was to see Duggan when he turned it on. The columnist wrote he immediately turned the thing off.

Duggan read the column aloud and then gave his fans some inside dope about the reason for the blast. Duggan said he had been invited to speak at a banquet in the columnist's home town and he had been late. The columnist "no like," Duggan explained. After delivering these facts, Duggan shrugged his big shoulders and said, talking as casually as a beer-drinker to a bartender:

"What do you expect from a guy with holes in his head? And this guy has holes in his head, believe me."

The studio audience chortled. This was pure Duggan, The Man Who Says What He Thinks. The tiny red lights on the switchboard flashed merrily.

For Duggan the holes-in-the-head remark was routine. His biggest hassle was his no-decision marathon bout with the boxing industry in 1953. At that time Duggan was a \$1,000-a-week sportscaster for the National Broadcasting Co. Night after night he jabbed at the shoddy quality of fist-cuffs the industry was peddling. The feud grew and so did the number of listeners. Duggan took off after James Norris, president of the International Boxing club. He questioned the multimillionaire's sobriety, accused him of hanging around with gangsters and charged that Norris had threatened his life.

NBC told him to stop but Duggan kept punching. Duggan for a time was in the newspaper headlines. Then NBC fired him. The Chicago *American*, sniffing circulation value, hired him as a sports columnist for \$250 a week. The job lasted several months.



Bare-knuckle fighter who lurks in Duggan's psyche is concealed in the mocking poise with which he takes after his victims. Don Bronstein Photo

Duggan, his fans admit, turned out to be a better talker than writer. Looking back now on his newspaper job, Duggan shrugs it off with the remark, "Marion Davies had a better job with Hearst than I did."

But, both in print and on the air, Duggan managed to get across his philosophy of sportscasting:

"Radio and television are certainly as good a medium for spreading all sorts of information as the newspapers. So why shouldn't you be able to say an editorial as readily as a newspaper can write one?"

Turning from the general to the specific, Duggan said, of sports experts in particular:

"I hate professional sports experts. Anybody who's got two eyes is as much of a sports expert as the next fellow."

On the subject of football prophets: "They weigh the left tackle, add the height of the quarterback, allow for the wet turf and come up with the score."

In that field the six-foot-two, 220-pound Duggan knows what he is talking about. He once played a good brand of semi-pro football and now at 39 still keeps trim with handball and golf. He can still get into his 1943 marine corps swim trunks.

Educationally, Duggan is a product of a Chicago business college. He began his career as a girdle salesman at \$25 a week. "A pretty good job," he says, "but I got fired for not itemizing my expense accounts."

He got into radio by way of the marines in World War II when he was

assigned to do a GI program. After the war, Harry Butcher, aide to General Eisenhower and author of *My Three Years with Eisenhower*, gave Duggan his first commercial job in radio-television in California.

In his sports "editorials" Duggan has taken up the little things that the big-timers brush aside. For example, he's always been annoyed at what he calls "illegal" charity solicitations at the ball games and he has said so over the air. After one of these scuffles with a charity group, a mink-coated dowager spat on him on the street. Duggan shrugged it off and chalked it up to extreme "listener interest." Two other themes Duggan has worked over and been cheered for by the public are the high prices of car parking around the ball parks and the \$50 seats for bum fights.

After NBC fired him, the ABC network took him on. Duggan still kept looking for controversy. He hit pay-dirt when it was announced that a show called the Freedom Festival was to be staged here. The show was to depict the fight against Communism and the lead roles were to be played by Albert Dekker, Edward G. Robinson and Jose Ferrer.



Change of pace is provided by bantering answers to telephone queries, which Duggan is as likely to scoff at as to answer. Phone calls are taken by models like one above, who is known as "Smiley."

Don Bronstein Photo

Over the air Duggan reasoned that these actors, having been mentioned in anti-subversive investigations, were thereby disqualified for such a patriotic spectacle. And, mused Duggan, what about the newspaper ads playing up the role in the show to be taken by Bishop Bernard J. Sheil,

founder of the Catholic Youth Organization? Bishop Sheil had made headlines not long before that with a denunciation of Senator McCarthy. The red switchboard lights glowed angrily when Duggan said on his program that the advertising for the show made the bishop "look like a chorus boy prancing out on the stage to spread an aura of holiness."

The storm that followed this crack was one of Duggan's biggest. Bishop Sheil got equal time on the air to answer him. Newspaper columnists tossed barbs at Duggan and he was denounced from the pulpits of some churches. It was this last that impressed Duggan, himself a Catholic. "You just can't buy publicity like that," he said with mock gravity.

The ABC vice-presidents gasped easier when the rating charts and the fan mail showed that Duggan still had a mass audience. And it's an audience that isn't ignored by the merchandisers of used cars and new jewelry and other items that pay the vice-presidential salaries. The Freedom Festival controversy helped Duggan's reputation as a "hot," if unpredictable, television commentator.

Because he is such a draw, Duggan has been given a "sweetness and light" woman's program in the afternoon. This type of show usually is full of say-nothing interviews with celebrities and near-celebrities. It's cluttered up, generally, with the word "wonderful" and loaded with fake smiles and mediocre comments. Most such shows are living monuments to the thesis that this is the best of all possible worlds.

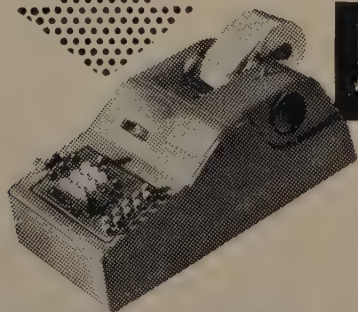
Duggan, however, has turned the format, in part at least, inside out. Where the pattern calls for honey, Duggan drips acid. He heckles his celebrity guests and gustily sneers at

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the foibles of womankind in general. "You know," says Duggan, "they seem like it."

On both shows Duggan occupies the central position before the camera, his guests have to turn their heads to be interviewed. Thus is the host's prominence emphasized at all times for ever and guest.

It's been a Duggan custom, whenever he interviews a politician or controversial figure, to invite his opposite number as a guest also. In the trade this is known as heightening listening interest. It also has the effect of presenting two sides of an issue.

But there are those who think Dug-

gan carries this policy too far. They cite the time he introduced a policeman named John Murphy on his program. In the interview Duggan asked the policeman many questions about burglars, stickup men and gangsters. Policeman Murphy went on at a great rate with his feelings about criminals. Duggan, pretending the show might be too one-sided, took the microphone and announced straight-faced:

"If any burglars or gangsters are listening, I'll give them equal time to reply."

That night was the first time that a Duggan appeal to his audience failed to light up the switchboard.

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Sunday 10:00 a. m.

Education and entertainment join forces as WNBQ and the University of Chicago's Home Study Division present an unusual opportunity for everyone to take a college course in his own home. Upon completion of the twelve courses, students who enroll will receive 1/2 credit.

Dr. Herman Finer, Professor of Political Science of the University of Chicago, will deliver the first home study subject, "Government and Human Nature." The talks are devoted to understanding the inside essentials of how certain great modern nations govern themselves and make policies that may affect the way of life of the United States.

Students may enroll in the course by writing the Home Study Division, University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois. For those who register as students in this subject (listed as Social Science 155), there will be a charge of \$22.50 for the syllabus and correction of lessons submitted. The syllabus will be offered for \$2.00 to those who do not wish to register for course credit but wish to do some independent reading or study. Professor Finer welcomes questions sent in by Tuesday preceding his Sunday program.

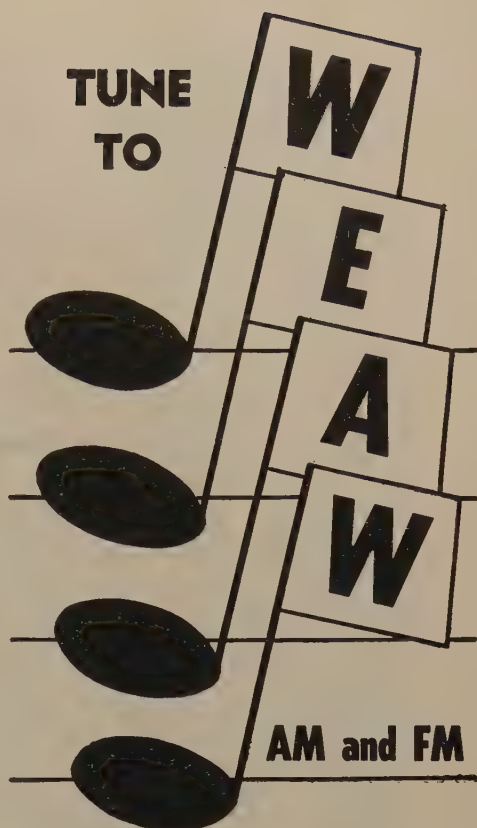
WNBQ

Channel

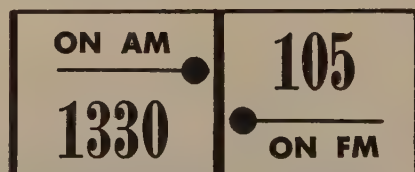
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INDIAN TRAIL MARKERS

Five white oak trees twisted into weird shapes are perhaps this area's most prominent reminders that Indians once lived here. All are located near Sheridan road, which follows the route of the main trail along the lake used by the redmen. The trees were saplings when, more than 200 years ago, the savages bent them over as signs of camps, swamps, caches of game, rocky bluffs containing good arrowhead material, springs and other points of interest. Bending of the trees tended to cause cracks leading to rot, so these are the only survivors of what must have been hundreds of markers in the vicinity.



None of the trees is very large for a white oak of its age, since bending tended to stunt its growth. This barren trunk is at 1457 Asbury, Winnetka. Its branches have all withered or been cut away.



A natural bench is formed by the bulky trunk at 416 Cumnor road, Kenilworth. The fact that the horizontal part of the tree hugs the ground probably indicates it was held down by a rock, rather than tied with rawhide or vines in the usual manner. The girls are Beckie Diller, 12, and sister Debbie, 5, in whose yard the tree is located.

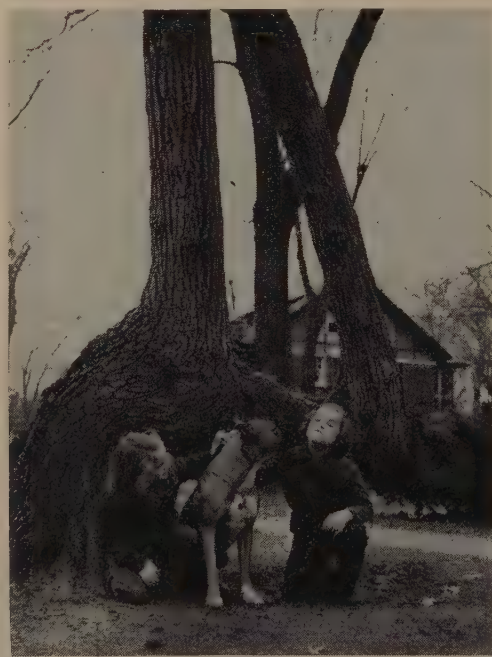


Largest and least gnarled of the survivors is located at 191 Fuller lane, Winnetka. Providing the hardy old-timer with a neat setting are neighbor children, Mary Louise Oehl, 9, and her sister Susan, 13.

photographs by Don Bronstein



The tree at 17 Canterbury court, Wilmette, also seems to have been bent down by a rock, one so heavy that it forced the trunk partly into the ground. This marker has a marker of its own, put there by the Wilmette Historical commission. White oaks were used as markers because they were flexible enough to bend and strong enough to survive it.



Marker at 930 Greenwood, Wilmette, shelters Barbara Rush, 8, who lives at that address; her dog, Lusty, and her cousin, Nancy Ernest, also 8. Tree bending was characteristic of Indians of the Midwest.

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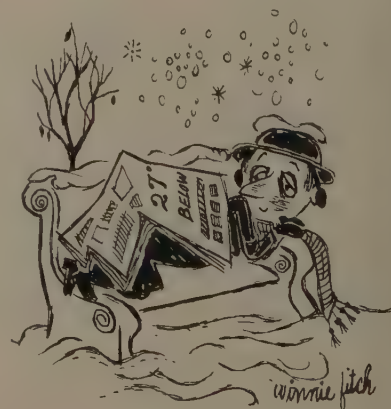
As We Were

75 YEARS AGO: A big social event in January, 1880, was the marriage in Quincy, Illinois, of Nellie Carson, daughter of a railroad executive of that city, and Samuel J. Medill, managing editor of the Chicago "Tribune." . . . John McMahon, a 12-year-old employee of a beer-bottling establishment, was **fined \$5 for being drunk** after a policeman plucked him out of a gutter in the Loop . . . Samuel Snowden Hayes, who had been city comptroller and a close associate of Senator Stephen A. Douglas, died at 60 . . . The Mapleson Opera company from England played a two-week season at **Haverly's theater** . . . Fire destroyed the Frank Field & Co. candy and cracker factory at Madison and Desplaines.



50 YEARS AGO: In January, 1905, Theodore Thomas, founder of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, died at 69 at his home on Bellevue place. **Fredrick Stock**, associate director, took the helm at Orchestra hall . . . A steer escaped from the stock yards and ran up Halsted street to 26th, halting street cars and forcing pedestrians to take cover in stores . . . George A. Rost won the individual championship in the first tournament sponsored by the Chicago Bowling association . . . The Ralph Temple Automobile Co. on Michigan touted the **1905 Franklin**, rated at 12 horsepower, an increase of two over the previous year . . . The Women's Athletic club sponsored the first distaff jiu jitsu classes ever held here.

25 YEARS AGO: The story-book engagement of Dorothy Leggett of Evanston and Frank Buskens of Chicago was announced in January, 1930. She had been voted the most beautiful and he the handsomest member of the class of 1928 at Northwestern university . . . An eight-inch snow buried the metropolitan area, followed by a cold wave which sent the mercury tumbling to a low of **27 below zero** in Melrose Park . . . Rev. Charles P. Anderson, 65, primate of the Episcopal Church of America and bishop of its Chicago diocese for 30 years, died in his home on Drexel boulevard . . . **Julius Rosenwald**, mail order magnate and philanthropist, was married at 67 to the mother-in-law of his eldest son.



Music by the Mile

by James Cunningham and Robert Oakes Jordan

During the last 50 years the combined worlds of art, science, and politics have rocked with the explosions of "progress." The cry from the rubble is a familiar one every time man has to give up the familiar and go on to the new. Among these "world makers" have been a few which used only minor vibrations, and the sound recording world has had its share of these. Anyone who has been buying records for a few years will remember most of them.

Back at the turn of the century Emil Berliner's disk record and its brand new player replaced the Edison cylinder phonograph. Then came the change from acoustical to electronic recording, and recently the most radical change, microgroove recording and 33-1/3 and 45 long-play records, which have replaced the standard 78 shellac pressing. It didn't take long for the former to master the classic world and the latter, popular music.

Once again rumblings are heard from the field of sound recording. This time it's caused by pre-recorded tape records which anyone can play on his tape machine. Now the disks are being threatened by a promising successor — tape music by the mile. Many of the critics and advocates of the newcomer already have written "obits" for the disks. On the other side, the dissenters see pre-recorded tapes as aogue among the wild eyed purists who always must have the newest and best on the market. Thus as a fad it will barely dent the disk purchases, let alone supplant them entirely, they say. The true picture of the furious activity will give no absolute clue to the future of either recording method, but will

show that magnetic tape records are already more than a passing fancy.

A dozen companies are producing these pre-recorded tapes, with formidable RCA as one of the first major companies to produce. Columbia has bought a tape recorder factory and is producing a machine under its own name and tapes may be expected to follow. Webcor is boosting the interest in magnetic tape records by its program of excellent material by the Fine Arts quartet and a package deal for

percentage of the home tape recorders, will become "music" dealers in the event that the tape record replaces the disk.

Just why tape should become lively competitor for record budgets is something of a mystery. At the moment it costs more than an equivalent record, is less convenient to use and with existing tape recording equipment, is not capable of any wider frequency range than an LP record. On the other hand, there is the noiseless characteristic of pre-recorded tape, as contrasted to the somewhat breakfast food aspect of LP, with its "snap-crackle-pop."

Another element of comparison for the discriminating ear is the difference with which the shimmering quality of the strings comes "thru" on the tape as compared with the harsh, edgy "hi fi" sound associated with the LP record.

The most telling boost for pre-recorded tapes is the excellent sound they produce on even the cheapest home tape recorder. This instrument, generally regarded with disdain by the high fidelity fan, now becomes a true hi fi set in miniature, often with better results than the average hi fi installation. The home recordist never could hope to make this quality of recording even if he could succeed in sneaking his tape machine and microphone into the concert hall. The cost of professional recording equipment always will make the difference. The skill in microphone placement, even harder to find among the professional recordists, takes up what difference is left over. There will be little loss to the pre-recorded tape market thru the "do-it-yourself" home recordist. Even



drawing by Al Long

three rolls of pre-recorded tapes at discount with the purchase of its machine.

The magazine *Record Retailing* recently warned record dealers to keep up with the times by carrying a line of pre-recorded tapes. There are indications, it said, that camera stores, which previously have sold a large

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Recordings

bootleg tape duplicators will have too much trouble in dubbing copies from purchased pre-recorded tapes because of the complicated and costly equipment needed for quality recordings.

After the current explosion ends and the dust settles down around the winner, and perhaps after all that expensive LP equipment has been junked, get ready for the next big upheaval — stereophonic sound.

FOR THE RECORD

Quartet in G, Mozart; Quartet No. 2, Brahms. Fine Arts quartet. Webcor, 7½ inch speed, 7 inch reel, dual track.

The Mozart is the first of the so-called "Haydn" quartets. The name indicates only Mozart's profound respect for his friend's music, since it is not in the least imitative but is instead the work of a master. It is one of the milestones of quartet literature. Leonard Sorkin and his Fine Arts quartet perform with their usual profound respect and exceptional artistic and recording talent. Raw tape quality is fine.

Piano Concerto in C, Haydn; Emper-

or's Hymns, Haydn; Suite for Strings, Corelli; Suite No. 3, Bach. Hamburg Philharmonia orch., Hans-Jurgen Walter, cond. A-V Tape libraries, 7½ inch speed, 7 inch reel, dual track.

This company was the first to enter the pre-recorded tape field and deserves a great deal of credit for its work. Its first recordings of a year or so ago were quite poor in technical quality. It has stuck with the problems, however, and now has produced some fine work. This tape, aside from a few flaws in both recording and duplicating technique, is worth the expense since the Haydn concerto is not available on LP. As in the case of much music which becomes available for the first time, one wonders why so late, especially in cases such as this clean crystalline orderliness. In this issue the performances are adequate and the quality of the new tape is fine.

Music of Johann Strauss: Overture to Die Fledermaus, Pizzicato Polka, Blue Danube, Emperor Waltz, Perpetual Motion, Tales from the Vienna Woods. Webcor Symphonette, Leonard Sorkin, cond. Webcor, 7½ inch speed, 5 inch reel, dual track.

This tape at present is available only with the purchase of a Webcor tape recorder. The music is little more than standard "potboilers," but the performance and recording artistry are so superb that an exciting experience is in store for even the most blasé listener. The Symphonette is a small orchestra made up of the cream of Chicago musicians. Careful microphone placement and a live concert hall give this tape a big orchestra sound. All the problems of mass duplication and the production of tape records seem to have been solved here, leaving little to be desired. Even the quality of Webcor's raw tape has been improved over the first tapes the company issued.

Concerto No. 5 for Piano and Orchestra, Beethoven. RCA Symphony orch., Fritz Reiner, cond., Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor TC4, 7½ inch speed, 7 inch reel, dual track.

This tape offers an interesting comparison with the LP record of the same performance. The masters were made about two years ago before RCA's disk division had taken a look at hi fi. Fortunately the recording engineers made a fine job of this tape master, of which the present release is a copy. In this case the tape is far superior to the LP, revealing sounds only dimly audible on the disk. The duplication and artistry of this recording are good, with fine quality raw magnetic tape used.

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Chicagoland's High Fidelity Center

First Nights in a Barroom

by Peter Bryan

David Shepherd is dedicated, all right, but in a relaxed sort of way. One crisp night not long ago he popped coffee and wondered why a policeman was removing a ticket from a car parked illegally at Dearborn and Division. He was sitting in the B/G box from the Playwrights Theater Club, of which he is a co-founder and director. He was talking calmly about how he intends to revolutionize American theater.

His plan is called the Compass, and he hopes to begin putting it into effect by this summer. It is pointed toward the 95 per cent of the population that has never been to the theater. It expects to give new audience plays that interest them at prices they can afford in the informal environment of a bar.

"I took the name from a bar on 67th street," said the young actor, playwright, director and producer. "I think 'Compass' conveys the idea of going outside the living room and the bedroom to present plays that deal with every society and class."

"The theater today is dull; we want it to be more fun. In many ways it's little more than a place for prudish people to lose their inhibitions gradually. We want to present things like sex objectively, not promotionally. The present theater is written by people who don't know society very well, and it doesn't know its audience very well. Especially in New York

the theater falls mainly into two categories. The first is directed toward traveling salesmen and consists of lavish musicals with no intellectual content. The second is aimed at intellectuals and dwells incessantly on decadence and neurosis. This kind jazes some people up and gives others confirmation of their belief that life is fixed in some pathetic state. Its whole tendency is toward pathos, not tragedy. This trend started with Chekhov

and it's been getting worse ever since.

"The man in the street can't afford the big musicals and he isn't interested in the neurotic drama."

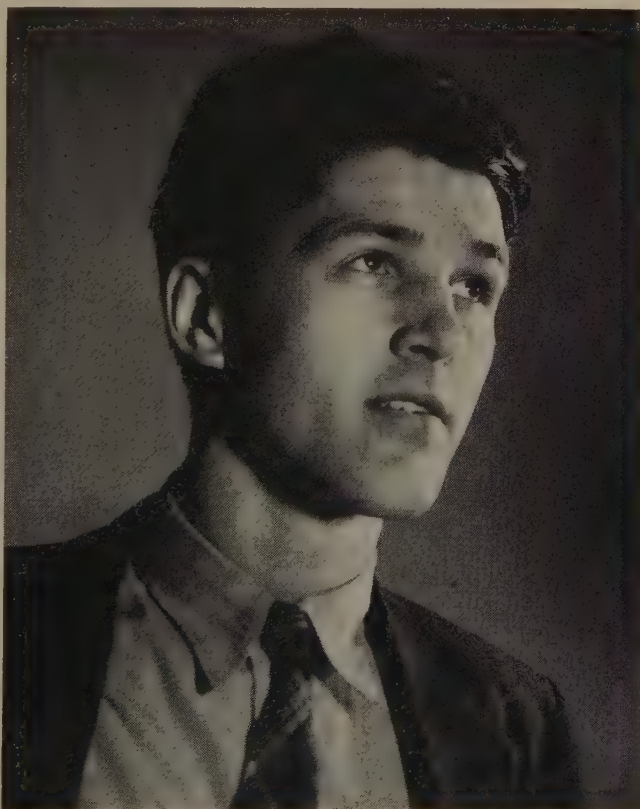
Shepherd watched the replenishment of his coffee in true B/G bottomless cup style.

"Where is society going," he continued, "and where shall we go tonight to see what society's all about? We'll take the audience on a trip thru society. Maybe we'll show them what's happening in Malaya or some place. After all, we have moral values only in relation to others. This is the philosophy of the thing, of course, not what it will actually seem like on the stage."

"We'll put on a theater that everybody is interested in and we'll write better plays. Actually these two reforms are the same. We can't do one without the other. The man in the street obviously isn't interested in the present theater. And we won't be able to get writers to break the traditional style unless we have them write for the man in the street."

"As we develop a new kind of play and audience, we may have to develop an entirely new style of acting. Our top price will be less than a dollar and the house will drink and smoke during the performance. We'll have to keep our scripts short so we can give two shows a night. We want to break the three-act form."

"Some people might think this will become either a



David Shepherd

Morton Shapiro photograph

Fanny's Column

by Fanny Lazzar

"They eat, they drink and in communion sweet, quaff sweet immortality and joy" . . . John Milton

THERE WAS A SMALL MEADOW BELOW THE vineyard of my uncle's (the doctor) palazzo at San Salvatore — where fragrant violets grew . . . I loved to lie on the cool grass amidst these violets for hours . . . Ah! the fragrance of Italian violets . . . so sweet and yet so potent . . . This particular day (I was 6) I had been out in the meadow for hours or so it seemed to me when I was called in to cena which consisted of Pollo in Umedio . . . but I couldn't eat . . . and my aunt was most insistent that I eat the Pollo . . . but my uncle, who was a very wise man, said softly, "The child has the perfume of violets on her lips, in her nose, and in her soul — she has no need for food . . . let her go to the meadow and be alone amidst her beloved violets . . . "It is a waste of human thought and energy to force a child to eat. How sad! When she is a woman she won't be able to live her life fully or satisfactorily because, when she was a child, she was forced to eat when she'd rather be amidst the fragrance of the violets."

How true and prophetic my uncle's words were . . . my life has been much richer because of that episode . . . it occurs to me, that all of us need "escape channels" from the boredom of everyday existence. Mine as a child were the violets . . . and one good escape from boredom for adults is to have a good quiet meal **ALONE** with your husband or dear friend. I am sure you will find in the sudden quiet and peacefulness and the enjoyment of a good meal **SOMETHING** that seemed lost and far from both of you lately . . . Try it . . . And as a suggestion . . . Why not a meal of my fine spaghetti . . . with its rich meat and all butter sauce . . . or some of my chef's Southern fried chicken as they really fry it in the Old South? Followed by a good cup of coffee or a French tea, "Tisane" (hot water poured over leaves of mint, verberna or camomile with a dash of lemon). You'll find it's "fit for the gods."

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Theater

night club or a poor imitation of the movies. But we think the theater will benefit from this move into new surroundings, that the acting will improve and the plays will become more exciting, more truly theatrical.

"We won't use any sets or special lighting or curtains, and the casts will be small. We'll need strong stories with a lot of action in them — songs, fights, games and orations. We'll encourage pantomime and an intensity the stage hasn't known since Ibsen.

"We know that if we try to present the world on our stage with ten actors and no set, we run the risk of compressing, selecting and bridging too much too fast. But we think poetry is achieved not by saying vague things in an unreal manner but by economy and intensity. Poetry can't appear overnight at the Compass, because it's been dead in us a long time, but a certain excitement can — an excitement we still get from speeches, songs, jokes, sales talks and all the other verbal ornaments that the parlor play is too respectable to admit.

"At the Compass the playwright can dare to cut his script to the bone, face his actors to the audience and unleash those tricks of the imagination that keep the classics alive to us.

"Another thing we want to do is remove the glass curtain that's formed between the actors and the audience. In most theaters today the patrons are afraid to sneeze because it might disturb the actors, and the players have lost all contact with the house. But the theater is the last place where the spectator can literally stop the show.

We'll expect our audience not to sit still or leave but to comment, applaud, hiss and stay. And to make sure they don't lie back and wait to be flattered or amused, one night a week we'll ask them to tell the actors what story to play and how to play it. This has been done successfully in Montreal and on television in Paris. We can use this way of finding out what man in the street we're playing for and how to write for him."

Somebody asked Shepherd what his title was in the organization.

"I'm it," he replied, apparently surprised, "but I have a couple of other people lined up to help pretty soon."

He said his chief problems, in ascending order, were actors, capital, locations and scripts.

"We can always buy actors," he pointed out, "and we have enough money to start now, but we still need a good place to begin and a good stock of suitable plays to give."

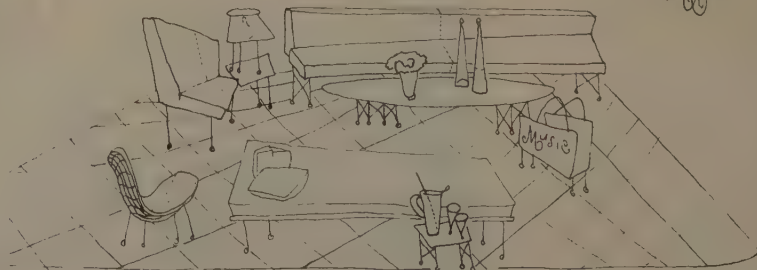
His first idea, he explained, was to rent a former night club on Randolph street. Then he thought of having a traveling company which would play saloons in various parts of town. "Right now," he said, "I can imagine opening by summer at a place like Sieben's Bier Stube or some established bar on Randolph.

"We're really desperate for scripts, tho. I've advertised in several magazines both here and in England, but good scripts are slow in coming. We're offering the playwright ten per cent of the gross, including liquor sales, which should amount to \$150 to \$300 a week. We do have five or six good scripts, and we've succeeded in breaking the three-act form. One of the plays runs an hour in 43 acts."

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Portfolio

in the midst of contemporary Chicago

the sculptor pursues his timeless and

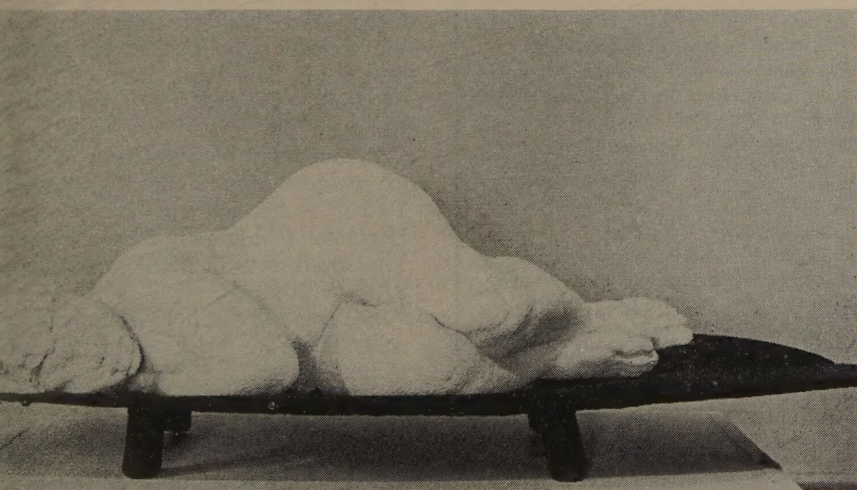
passionate task . . . with timeless and passionate

results. Three different sculptural expressions

from the current exhibit of work by 16 Chicago

sculptors at the 1020 Art center.

Photographs by William Miller



Above: Repose, by Edouard Chassaing.

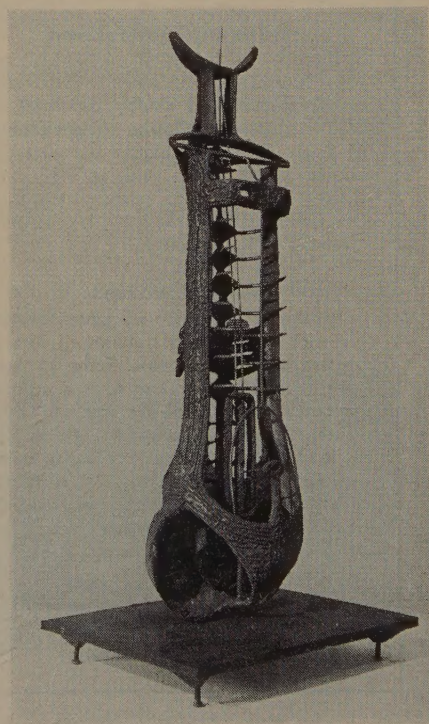
Making sculpture begins with one big irritation. As the work progresses the irritations become less and less as the sculpture becomes better and better. When irritation ceases to exist and the sculptor begins to laugh, the sculpture, you can be sure, is nearly completed . . . I want my sculpture to exist — really exist. I want it to holler when it's being threatened by neutral surroundings . . . I want it to whisper, too — as a whisper in an empty room . . ."

from a statement by Campoli in the exhibit program



Above: The Birth of Death, by Cosmo Campoli.

Below: Torso, by Joseph Goto.



Sources of Travel Information

consular offices

"How many cigarets can I take into Sweden?" "What's the electric current in Managua?" "How do I get a visa for Hong Kong?"

All day long questions like this pour into the consular offices here, some of which maintain full-fledged tourist services, such as the French Government Tourist office, under the management of Jacques Rimey. His office, in operation since 1947, is ready for anything from answering routine inquiries or lending films to helping plan a Paris party.

Consular officials are naturally among the most enthusiastic interpreters of their homelands. To be with Louis Clement of the Belgian consulate for even a short time is to hear the bells of Bruges begin to ring. The cultural officer of the Italian consulate makes a specialty of interpreting the social and political life of his country to its prospective visitors.

tourist information offices

The city has a number of sponsored tourist information offices to serve those who like to look, read and listen before they leap. Among them: Arizona in Chicago, the British Travel association, the Canadian Government Travel bureau, the German Tourist Information bureau, the Nassau Development board and the Puerto Rico Visitors' bureau.

newspapers

Periodically, timed to anticipate the various vacation seasons of the year, special travel sections are published by the newspapers which also run smaller travel departments as regular features. These are supplemented by the personal service departments of the dailies, which can be reached by phone.

radio and television

There's talk of travel on WMAQ every Saturday morning at 7:15, and travel-by-television Friday evenings at 8:30 on channel 5. On the same channel, at noon, Earl Nightingale occasionally shows travel films, and at 6:15 p.m. Dorsey Connors runs a travel program five evenings a week, interviewing people who've been there.

film libraries

For the traveler who wants to preview his trip, there are a number of film libraries with travel reels. Some of them specialize in distributing films produced by carriers. At Ideal Pictures on South Water street, for example, there are such films as Air France's *Flight to the French Riviera*, Pan-American's *Wings to Cuba*, KLM's *Skyways to Holidays* and *Las Vegas Vacations*. Some films are available free, others for a service charge of about \$2.50.

steamship lines

Cunard Steamship co., which is 114

years old, was one of the first to bet on the local travel potential. It has had an information office here for 87 years, managed during the last 26 by Franklin Crum, who maintains that most of the ancestors of present-day residents came to America on Cunard ships.

Under William Herbert Maybaum, the United States Lines runs a service not only for European travel, but for yonder spots like Tahiti and Pago Pago, which can be reached comfortably aboard some of the line's 46 freighters.

The oldest steamship service of this sort is that of the Norwegian American Line. Arne Williamson has been in charge of it for 42 years.

railroads

The steamship lines' concern about keeping travelers informed is matched, naturally, by the railroads. It goes without saying that lines originating here maintain full travel services. But so do Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Canadian Pacific, Canadian National and the British and Irish railways.

air lines

Chicago is the focal point of air, as well as rail travel, and a variety of special tour services are provided at the offices along the Monroe street "air line row." North on Michigan at Wacker, Pan American's windows are enticing evidence that Chicago is only hours away from Paris, India and Hong Kong.

sightseeing companies

This city is international headquarters for Gray Line, the ubiquitous sightseeing company that operates, thru its dozens of member companies, in practically every city and vacation area of importance in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Mexico, Canada, Bermuda, Nassau, Cuba and Haiti. People after sightseeing information can get all they want at the Gray Line's office on La Salle.

In addition, Gray Line of Boston has a western representative here to give information and handle reservations for its tours in New England, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

CIT, the Italian bus line that operates in most of Europe, has offices on Michigan.

libraries

One of the best sources of travel information is the public library, which offers three services: books, magazines and travel films.

For the very serious traveler, there is the Library of International Relations on Ohio street. Here one can find data on the political, economic and social backgrounds of the countries to be visited, and much information on cultural and social activities.

Win

by Lolita Linn and Jan Tai

Time was when vacations, unlike toysters, were confined to the months without an *r*. Memorial Day signaled the opening of the season, Labor Day the end. After that, only doctor's orders was a legitimate reason for taking off during the weary winter months.

But in this day of quick and easy transportation, many who neglect the winter wanderlands may do so because of the feeling that a winter vacation is just too much of a luxury.

Even now, many don't realize how much sunshine and glamor they can get in exchange for eight or nine wintry days and only a small nick in the bank balance.

For example, take the West Indies air cruise that leaves from Miami daily. In seven exciting days it makes airports of call on Haiti, Jamaica and Cuba. And there are more lures for the traveler who can spare another few days: San Juan, Port of Spain, Trinidad, Caracas, Venezuela and Curacao.

A seven-day highspot tour of Mexico includes Mexico City, Cuernavaca, Taxco, Xochimilco and Hacienda Vista Hermosa (the ranch turned resort). The seven days in Mexico cost about \$100, with meals.

But some like it hot — others like it cold. There's a brisk winter vacation to be had in the Laurentians of eastern Canada: skiing, sleighing, skating or idling in an excellent French-Canadian resort such as the Laurentide Inn, the Chantecler or the Mont Gabriel Club. An eight-day trip costs \$100 to \$125 for the basics, plus \$110.00 to fly there and back from here.

Next month, many of the merry-minded will be entraining for Mardi Gras in New Orleans, with confirmed hotel reservations and reserved seats for the brilliant parades.

Nassau, Puerto Rico, Bermuda, Arizona — places that only yesterday were far away, today offer their sunshine and lazy living to the vacationer

Beyond the city wait the snowy slopes and sunny surf

End of the Wide World

who has as little as seven days and a week end to spare.

But, in thinking of time, one must remember that it takes on strange dimensions in travel. Each day races by, yet when the trip is over, so much has been experienced that it seems one merely must have been away longer than the calendar reports.

So those whose time — or travel budget — is limited should consider the vacation possibilities of week ends. One week end getaway could be to the Northernaire at Three Lakes, Wisconsin. This luxurious North Woods resort is only overnight from Chicago, which allows two full days of skiing and tobogganing outdoors, or swimming and sun-bathing indoors. The altered Valley ski area has been opened in nearby Nicolet national forest this winter; it should prove as popular as Iron Mountain, Michigan, where the faithful have been slaloming years.

Closer to Chicago, attractive Lakeview lodge on Delavan lake offers skiing, tobogganing, ice-boating, sleighing and other winter sports.

Shedding skis, there's an interesting week end trip to New York that includes two nights at a fine hotel, a sightseeing trip of Manhattan, tickets to radio and television shows, a reserved seat at a Broadway production, and a night of dinner-dancing at one of the "name" night spots.

Another such planned trip is to Washington, D. C., where the emphasis is on sightseeing, with trips around the city and to the capitol buildings, the White House; to Arlington, Alexandria and Mount Vernon — even to Old Williamsburg.

Satisfying trips, southeastward and westward, fit easily into the standard week vacation period.

One of these is a motorcoach tour of both coasts of Florida, a nine-day trip that can be pleasantly extended by stopping over anywhere en route, or by skipping over to Havana and Nassau for a few days.

Still looking southeastward, there's a cruise that gives a short and sweet reprieve from winter. It's aboard the S.S. *Nassau*, which sails nearly every Friday evening from New York and on Monday morning delivers its passengers to Nassau. Here they make the ship their hotel while they spend two leisurely days seeing the sights, inspecting the ocean floor thru glass-bottomed boats, swimming at Paradise beach, and shopping. For an extra week in the Bahamas, one may go down on one sailing and come back on the next.

California is the magnet that draws many a vacationer westward in the winter. One popular trip offers two days out and two back aboard crack trains, and 10 days of seeing California from San Francisco to Tijuana.

For those to whom time is no objection, and money no obstacle, there's a fine 38-day cruise from New York to Rio; a carnival that's scheduled for February 10 sounds especially exciting. And if there aren't 38 days to spare, the steamship line and an airline, in true "good neighbor" spirit, will arrange a sail down and a flight back.

Mediterranean cruises can be trimmed to fit the time budget — down to a point. Thus one series of cruises offers 66 days, 23 ports on a January sailing; 57 days, 20 ports on one in February; 56 days, 17 ports to those who sail in March.

The skier who has long been making the runs at Aspen, Sun Valley,

Reno and New England can find new slopes to conquer in a 14-day orgy of European skiing during January, February and March. But it's going to be difficult to choose among Davos, Klosters, St. Moritz, Grindewald, Kitzbuehel, Zuers am Arlberg and other well-known (to skiers) spots.

If those 14 days can be stretched, all of Europe tempts the traveler with such "thrill" offerings as "Paris and London — 7 days — \$90, all-inclusive." Or consider "4 countries, 15 days, \$647 from Chicago."

But thrift tours or not, there is always Europe. Its infinite variety is as fascinating in winter as in summer, and many there are who prefer it then.

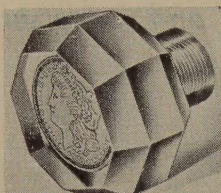
A different vacation is a 12-day special thru Morocco, plus three days beforehand in Madrid and three days afterward in Paris.

Anyone with a few free weeks in the winter can safely invest them in Hawaii. But all one's time must not be spent on Waikiki beach, delightful as it is. The lovely outer islands, too, are calling: Kauai, Maui, and the "big island," Hawaii itself.

Some like to do their traveling like migratory birds; they never tire of returning to Florida or Arizona just after the holidays and staying until nearly Easter. And we can understand their love of these sunny regions. But our dreams will be with those who go a-journeying on a round-the-world cruise to visit Hong Kong, Thailand, Singapore, India, Egypt — the fabled places of the earth.



Paradise beach near Nassau in the Bahamas.



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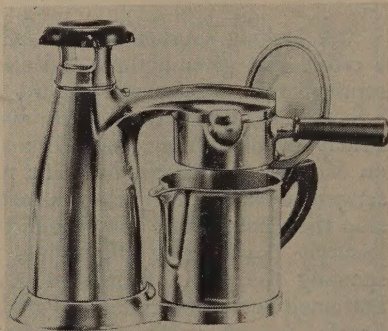
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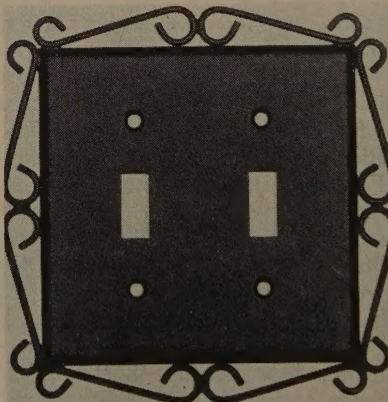
by Rachael Ann Bottorff

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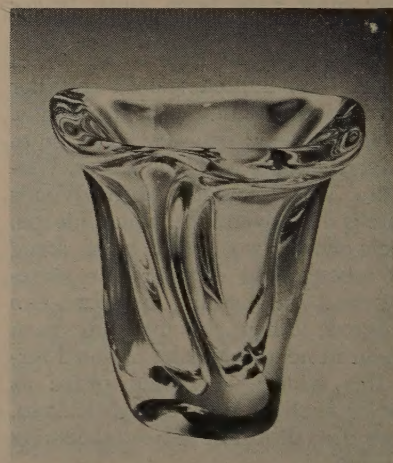
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